Stack
Annex
GT
3020
S56

B
000 006 129
1
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

The Witching Weed

ornia
al
y

Ex Libris
C. K. OGDEN

D H Hughes

THE CHOICE BOOKS

1. CRANFORD
   Mrs. Gaskell
2. OUR VILLAGE
   Mary Russell Mitford
3. THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD
   Oliver Goldsmith
4. SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY
   Joseph Addison
5. THE CROWN OF WILD OLIVE
   John Ruskin
6. POEMS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON
7. SACRED POEMS OF THE XIX CENTURY
   Kate A. Wright
8. DAINTY POEMS OF THE XIX CENTURY
   Kate A. Wright
9. IN MEMORIAM, *Alfred Tennyson*; together with LYCIDAS, *John Milton*; ADONAIS, *P. B. Shelley*; and THYRSIS, *Matthew Arnold*
10. THE PRINCESS and MAUD
    Alfred Tennyson
11. THE LADY OF THE LAKE
    Sir Walter Scott
12. HIAWATHA
    H. W. Longfellow
13. A LITTLE BOOK OF COMFORT. An Anthology of Consolatory Pieces Compiled by
    Rev. Albert E. Sims
14. THE IMITATION OF CHRIST
    Thomas à Kempis
15. LALLA ROOKH
    Thomas Moore
16. THE WITCHING WEED. A Smokers' Anthology
17. A LITTLE BOOK OF CHEER. An Anthology of Inspiring Selections Compiled by
    Rev. Albert E. Sims

Other volumes will be announced later

THE WITCHING WEED

A SMOKERS' ANTHOLOGY

The Friar preached against *smoking*, and had a *pipe* in his sleeve.

THE CHOICE BOOKS

Divine tobacco.
SPENSER

THE WITCHING WEED

COMPILED BY
ALBERT E. SIMS
Compiler of "Ruskin Day by Day," "In Praise of Woman" etc.

LONDON:
GEORGE G. HARRAP
& COMPANY
9 PORTSMOUTH ST.
KINGSWAY

UNWIN BROTHERS, LTD., WOKING AND LONDON.

STACK ANNE
GT
302
356

FOREWORD

THANKS are hereby tendered to the undermentioned for permission to print various copyright pieces:

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton (for J. M. Barrie).

The Editor of *The Cigar and Tobacco World*.

The Editor of *The Spectator*.

Messrs. Gay and Hancock, Ltd. (for Ella Wheeler Wilcox).

Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew and Co., Ltd. (Proprietors of *Punch*).

Hubert Brinton, Esq. (for the late Wilfred Brinton, Esq.).

The Editor of *The Daily News and Leader* (for "Sub Rosa").

Messrs. Cope Bros. and Co., Ltd.

Indulgence is asked should any copyright piece have been inadvertently included without formal permission having been first obtained, but as every care has been taken to trace owners of copyright it is hoped that no such need will arise.

THE COMPILER

1078232

CONTENTS

PAGE

The Song of the Fag 15

THE POETRY OF SMOKING

Smoked Off! 21
The Sluggard 22
I Like to Smoke 24
A Non-smoker of Leigh 24
An Inter-whiff 25
The Discovery of Tobacco . . . 26
Nicotiana 29
A Bachelor's Soliloquy 30
The Smoker's Calendar 30
Inscription for a Tobacco Jar . . 31
Motto for a Tobacco Jar . . . 32
On the Gift of a Meerschaum Pipe . 32
A Winter Evening Hymn to My Fire . 35
A Pipe of Tobacco 36
A Hint from Omar Khayyám . . 44
Sweet Definitions 44
Choosing a Wife by a Pipe of Tobacco 46
My Cigar 47
A Valentine 50
The Real Article 50
The Duet 51
"J'ai du bon Tabac" 53
Smoke is the Food of Lovers . . 56
Sonnet on Tobacco 57
A Song, after Sheridan 58
Another Match 59
What I Like 61
My Three Loves 61

THE PROSE OF SMOKING PAGE

His Wife's Cigars 67
Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures . . 71
Was it "W. D." or "H. O."? . . 82
"Sweet are the Uses of Adversity" . 83
The Brute! 84
"Far from the Madding——" . . 84
A Soft Answer 85
Kingsley on Tobacco 85
Lamb and Tobacco 87
The Origin of Tobacco 88
A Female Smoker 89
Raleigh, the Pioneer 90
"Fire! Help!" 90
Carlyle on Tobacco 91
Milton, a Smoker 92
Thackeray on the Social Pipe . . 93
Professor Huxley and the Weed . . 94
Shakespeare and Tobacco . . . 96
Carlyle and Emerson 96

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKING

"Sub Rosa" 99
"Yes, Social Friend" 105
The Panacea 105
Come, Lovely Tube 105
The Soule's Solace 106
Sonnets 108, 109
Sam Slick on the Virtues of a Pipe . 110
A Catch on Tobacco 111
The Smoking Philosopher . . . 112
"Vita Brevis" 113

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKING (*continued*) PAGE
Neatly Put 113
Says the Pipe to the Snuff-box . . 113
Sweet Smoaking Pipe 115
The Patriotic Smoker's Lament . . 115
Coffee-Houses and Smoking . . 117

THE PLEASURES OF SMOKING
The World's Delight 127
Jules Sandeau on the Cigar . . . 129
The Last Pipe 132
My Cigar and I 133
"Give Me a Cigar!" 136
When My Pipe Burns Bright . . 137
The Smoker's Universe . . . 138
Roguish Tobacco 139
My Last Cigar 139
Paradise Enough 140
My After-dinner Cloud 141
Tobacco's Worst Offence . . . 142
Effusion by a Cigar Smoker . . . 143
Epigram 145
An Example for Wives 145
Ad Ministram 146
"Beware, Beware!" 147
The "Autocrat" and Smoking . . 147
Ode to Tobacco 151

IN PRAISE OF SMOKING
A Pipe of Tobacco 155
Elegy on a Quid of Tobacco . . . 156
The Princes of all Plants . . . 158

IN PRAISE OF SMOKING (*continued*) PAGE
The Virtues of the Plant . . . 159
In Praise of Tobacco 159
Hail ! Social Pipe 160
A Manilla Sonnet 160
Snuff 161
A Good Pipe of Tobacco . . . 163
In Defence of Tobacco 165
Sonnet on Tobacco 166
Smoke-inhaling Bull 166
The Universal Flower 169
"O Rare Ben Jonson !" . . . 171

THE PRUDENCE OF SMOKING
What "Tobacco" Means . . . 175
Preventive against Plague . . . 176
The Longevity of Smokers . . . 176
Which ? 177
To the Abusers of Tobacco . . . 178
"Unless Diuine Tabacco Make Defence" 179
"Quoth the Raven ——" . . . 180
Frugality 180
Some Benefits 181
A Farewell to Tobacco 181
Smoking Opposed by Royalty . . 187
Smoking encouraged by Royalty . 187

SOME PROVERBS ON SMOKING
By various Authors 191
Odd Epigrams for Tobacco Jars . . 201

LIST OF AUTHORS QUOTED 205

THE SONG OF THE FAG

THE SONG OF THE FAG

WITH fingers dirty and stained,
With eyelids heavy and white,
A loafer sat, in slovenly rags,
Plying his quest for a light.
Smoke—Smoke—Smoke!
In poverty, hunger, and rag,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
He sang the "Song of the Fag."

"Smoke—Smoke—Smoke!
Till the cloud obscures the sky;
And Smoke—Smoke—Smoke!
With never a breath to sigh,
'It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where none has need his fags to save
While he does the Moslem's work!'

"Smoke—Smoke—Smoke!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Smoke—Smoke—Smoke!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Fag, and butt-end, and quid,—
Quid, and butt-end, and fag,
Till wearied nature falls asleep
To dream of heavenly shag.

"O men! with Sisters dear!
O men! with Mothers and Wives!
It is not curtains you're smoking out,
But human creatures' lives!
Smoke—Smoke—Smoke!
In poverty, hunger, and rag,
Wasting at once, with each single puff,
A home as well as a fag!

"But why do I sing of fags!
And ever of fags alone?
Because a fag is commonly *short*—
A plight just like my own;—
A plight just like my own,
I muse thereupon and weep;
Alas, that cigars are still so dear
And fags alone are cheap!

Smoke—Smoke—Smoke!
My effort never flags;
And what its wage? Havana rare?
Or briar sweet?—No,—fags!
An empty pouch, the commonest fag—
Gone out! O wretched plight!
No lamp at hand—not a bobby near
From whom to cadge a light!

"Smoke—Smoke—Smoke!
From weary chime to chime,
Smoke—Smoke—Smoke—
As convicts work for crime!

Fag and butt-end, and quid,—
  Quid and butt-end and fag,
Till the tongue is sick,
And the brain benumbed
  With the fumes of this beastly shag!

"Smoke—Smoke—Smoke!
  In the dull December light,
And Smoke—Smoke—Smoke,
  When the weather's warm and bright.
While all around my hat
  The brooding cloudlets cling,
As if to hide its battered shape,
  Or dull the air of Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
  Of a decent cigar and sweet—
With the sky above my head
  And the grass beneath my feet.
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel
Before I knew the woes of fags
  Or broke the Woodbine's seal!

'Oh! for one short hour,
  A respite, however brief,
From these everlasting fags,
  To real Virginia leaf!
A Manilla would ease the smart;
  But in its cedar box,
Behind plate-glass, beyond my reach,
  Its fragrance merely mocks."

With fingers dirty and stained,
  With eyelids heavy and red,
A loafer sat in slovenly rags,
  Wishing that he were dead.
Smoke—Smoke—Smoke!
  In poverty, hunger, and rag,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would I could chuck him into a ditch!—
  He sang this "Song of a Fag"!

A Long Way After Hood

THE POETRY OF SMOKING

Enshrineth the muse of some whose fervour forbade that they should remain "mute, inglorious Miltons"

(By special permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*)

SMOKED OFF!

(*An Appeal from the Knife-board of a City Omnibus*)

(The latest complaint of "the Ladies" is that they are being "smoked off" the tops of the omnibuses.)

THE "knife-board," sacred once to broad male feet,
The "Happy Garden Seat,"
Invaded now by the non-smoking sex,
Virginal scruples vex,
And matronly anathemas assail.
Alas! and what avail
Man's immunities of time or place?
The sweet she-creatures chase
From all old coigns of vantage harried man.
In vain, how vain to ban
Beauty from billiard-room or—Morning Bus
What use to fume or fuss?
And yet, and yet indeed it is no joke!
Where *shall* one get a smoke
Without annoying Shes with our cheroots,
And being badged as "brutes"?
If a poor fellow may not snatch a whiff
(Without the feminine sniff)
Upon the "Bus-roof," where in thunder's name
Shall he draw that same!
The ladies climb, sit, suffocate, and scoff,
Declare *they* are "smoked off,"

Is there no room inside? If smoke means
Hades,
We, "to oblige the ladies,"
Have taken outside seats this many a year,
Cold, but with weeds to cheer
Our macintosh-enswathed umbrella'd bodies;
Now we are called churl-noddies
Because we puff the humble briar-root.
Is man indeed a "brute"
Because he may upon the knife-board's rack
owe
Some solace to Tobacco?
If so it be, then man's last, only chance,
Is, in the full advance
Of the "emancipated" sex. Sweet elves,
Pray learn to smoke yourselves!
Don't crowd us out, don't snub, and sneer,
and sniff,
But—join us in a whiff!

Punch
(*July* 25, 1891)

THE SLUGGARD

'TIS the voice of the sluggard; I hear
him complain,
"My pipe has gone out! I must
light up again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his side, smokes his pipe, spite of
what his wife 's said.

"O, a little more rest! a little more mixture!"
Thus he wastes half his days, in his bed 'most a fixture;
E'en when he gets up, he sits smoking away,
Or saunters about idly, still sucking his clay.

I passed by his garden, and smelt his old brier,
The clouds of his puffing mount higher and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are reeking with "Twist,"
And his money still wastes, smoke he cannot resist.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He has ta'en better care for improving his mind;
He told me . . . his dreams! praised the virtue of Smoking,
He went to church never—*his* sins need no cloaking.

Said I in my heart, "Here's a lesson for me,
That man's a fair picture of what I might be—
Bad luck to my friends for their care in my rearing,
Their precepts 'gainst smoking I'll now start forswearing!"

Dr. Eyessick Hots

I LIKE TO SMOKE

I LIKE to smoke,
Upon a moke,
When 'Appy 'Ampstead's wreathed in smiles,
And idly gaze
On 'Arriet's ways
As she and 'Arry swap their tiles.

To ride and sniff
The searching whiff
Of fragrant shag and Taddy's "fine,"
And by my weed
Urge on my steed,—
This seems to me a thing divine.

Anonymous

A NON-SMOKER OF LEIGH

THERE was a non-smoker of Leigh,
And a wit somewhat gruesome had he:
For when asked "Do you smoke?"
Envolved the grim joke—
"Well, not in this world, do you see!"

AN INTER-WHIFF

HERE on my back on the bank I lie,
With a pipe in my mouth, and watch the sky;
And well do I know, beyond a joke,
That nature, like me, delights to smoke.
The little zephyrs down here in the grass
Puff at the weeds as they swiftly pass;
While the breeze of the ether is not too proud—
Though almost too lazy—to blow a cloud.
Every bird has a pipe of its own,
And each has its "bird's-eye" views, 'tis known.
The trees rejoice in a stem and bole,
For the King of the Forest's like old King Cole;
And the hedges as well the practice suits,
For they all of them boast their brier-roots.
Smoking, in short, is loved by all
The works of nature both great and small—
Down to the very small grub, to be brief,—
You'll find he is given to rolling a leaf.
So why shouldn't I—
As here I lie
On my back on the bank—all those defy
Who fain would the pleasant plant decry?

Fun

THE DISCOVERY OF TOBACCO
(A Sailor's Version)

THEY were three jolly sailors bold,
Who sailed across the sea;
They'd braved the storm, and stood the gale,
And got to Virgin-ee.

'Twas in the days of good Queen Bess,
Or p'raps a bit before,—
And now these here three sailors bold
Went cruising on the shore.
A lurch to starboard, one to port,
Now forrard, boys, go we,
With a haul and a "Ho!" and a "That's your sort!"
To find out Tobac-kee.

Says Jack, "This here's a rummy land."
Says Tom, "Well, shiver me!
The sun shines out as precious hot
As ever I did see."
Says Dick, "Messmates, since here we be,"—
And gave his eye a wink,—
"We've come to find out Tobac-kee,
Which means a drop to drink."

Says Jack, says he, "The Injins think——"
Says Tom, "I'll swear as they
Don't think at all." Says Dick, "You're right;
It ain't their nat'ral way.

But I want to find out, my lads,
This stuff of which they tell;
For if as it ain't meant to drink,
Why, it must be meant to smell."

Says Tom, says he, "To drink or smell,
I don't think this here's meant."
Says Jack, says he, "Blame my old eyes,
If I'll believe it's scent."
"Well, then," says Dick, "if that ain't square,
It must be meant for meat;
So come along, my jovial mates,
To find what's good to eat."

They came across a great big plant,
A-growing tall and true.
Says Jack, says he, "I'm precious dry,"
And picked a leaf to chew.
While Tom takes up a sun-dried bit,
A-lying by the trees;
He rubs it in his hands to dust
And then begins to sneeze.

Another leaf picks nimble Dick,
And dries it in the sun,
And rolls it up all neat and tight.
"My lads," says he, in fun,
"I mean to cook this precious weed."
And then from out his poke
With burning-glass he lights the end,
And quick blows up the smoke.

Says Jack, says he, "Of Paradise
I've heerd some people tell."
Says Tom, says he, "This here will do;
Let's have another smell."
Says Dick, his face all pleasant smiles,
A-looking through a cloud,
"It strikes me here's the cap'en bold,
And now we'll all be rowed."

Up comes brave Hawkins on the beach;
"Shiver my hull!" he cries,
"What's these here games, my merry men?"
And then, "Why, blame my eyes!
Here's one as chaws, and one as snuffs,
And t'other of the three
Is smoking like a chimbley-pot—
They've found out Tobac-kee!"

So if ever you should hear
Of Raleigh, and them lies
About his sarvant and his pipe
And him as "Fire!" cries,
You say as 'twas three sailors bold
As sailed to Virgin-ee
In brave old Hawkins' gallant ship
Who found out Tobac-kee.
A lurch to starboard, one to port,
Now forrard, boys, go we,
With a haul and a "Ho!" and a "That's your sort!"
To find out Tobac-kee.

Cigar and Tobacco World

NICOTIANA

By a Beginner

O ! INDIAN weed, Tobacco hight
(But stay ! first let me get a light,)
The choicest gift the world e'er saw—
(Confound this pipe ! why don't it draw ?)

Thou art of plants the noblest gem,
(There's something sticking in the stem,)
Thy healing properties none doubt ;
(That Knitting-needle's got it out.)

Virginian leaf ! thou wert the cause
Of Raleigh's genius (now it draws),
Thou didst inspire his tuneful song.
(Dear me ! this Bird's Eye's very strong.)

Tobacco ! whilst I thee adore,
(I don't think I shall smoke much more,)
With awe, almost, thy praise I sing.
(This giddiness is not the thing.)

Of human pleasures thou the crown !
(I shall be better lying down,)
Oh ! anodyne of mental pain.
(You don't catch me at this again !)

Judy

A BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY

I SIT all alone with my pipe by the fire,
I ne'er knew the Benedict's yoke;
I worship a fairy-like, fanciful form,
That goes up the chimney in smoke.

I sit in my dressing-gowned slipperful ease,
Without wife or bairns to provoke,
And puff at my pipe, while my hopes and my fears
All go up the chimney in smoke.

I sit with my pipe, and my heart's lonesome care
I try, but all vainly, to choke.
Ah, me! but I find that the flame that Love lights
Won't go up the chimney in smoke.

Cigar and Tobacco World

THE SMOKER'S CALENDAR

WHEN *January's* cold appears,
A glowing pipe my spirit cheers;
And still it glads the length'ning day
'Neath *February's* milder sway.
When *March's* keener winds succeed,
What charms me like the burning weed?

When *April* mounts his solar car,
I join him, puffing a cigar;
And *May*, so beautiful and bright,
Still finds the pleasing weed a-light.
To balmy zephyrs it gives rest
When *June* in gayest livery's drest.
Through *July*, Flora's offspring smile,
But still Nicotia's can beguile;
And *August*, when its fruits are ripe,
Matures my pleasure in a pipe.
September finds me in the garden,
Communing with a long churchwarden.
Even in the wane of dull *October*
I smoke my pipe and sip my "robar."
November's soaking show'rs require
The smoking pipe and blazing fire.
The darkest day in drear *December's*—
That's lighted by their glowing embers.

Anonymous (*19th Century*)

INSCRIPTION FOR A TOBACCO JAR

KEEP me at hand; and as my fumes arise,
You'll find *a jar* the gates of paradise.

Cope's "Tobacco Plant"

MOTTO FOR A TOBACCO JAR

COME! don't refuse sweet Nicotina's aid,
But woo the goddess through a yard of clay;
And soon you'll own she is the fairest maid
To stifle pain, and drive old Care away.
Nor deem it waste; what though to ash she burns,
If for your outlay you get good returns!

Anonymous

I OFTEN wonder what tobacconists buy
One half so precious as the things they sell.

Late Homer

ON THE GIFT OF A MEERSCHAUM PIPE

THE pipe came safe, and welcome, too,
As anything must be from you;
A meerschaum pure, 'twould float as light
As she the girls call Amphitrite.
Mixture divine of foam and clay,
From both it stole the best away:

Its foam is such as crowns the glow
Of beakers brimmed by Veuve Clicquot;
Its clay is but congested lymph
Jove chose to make some choicer nymph;
And here combined,—why, this must be
The birth of some enchanted sea,
Shaped to immortal form, the type
And very Venus of a pipe.

When high I heap it with the weed
From Lethe wharf, whose potent seed
Nicotia, big from Bacchus, bore
And cast upon Virginia's shore,
I'll think,—So fill the fairer bowl
And wise alembic of thy soul,
With herbs far-sought that shall distil,
Not fumes to slacken thought and will,
But bracing essences that nerve
To wait, to dare, to strive, to serve.

When curls the smoke in eddies soft,
And hangs a shifting dream aloft,
That gives and takes, though chance-designed,
The impress of the dreamer's mind,
I'll think,—So let the vapours bred
By passion, in the heart or head,
Pass off and upward into space,
Waving farewells of tenderest grace,
Remembered in some happier time,
To blend their beauty with my rhyme.

While slowly o'er its candid bowl
The colour deepens (as the soul
That burns in mortals leaves its trace
Of bale or beauty on the face),
I'll think,—So let the essence rare
Of years consuming make me fair;
So, 'gainst the ills of life profuse,
Steep me in some narcotic juice;
And if my soul must part with all
That whiteness which we greenness call,
Smooth back, O Fortune, half thy frown,
And make me beautifully brown!

Dream-forger, I refill thy cup
With reverie's wasteful pittance up,
And while the fire burns slow away,
Hiding itself in ashes grey,
I'll think,—As inward Youth retreats,
Compelled to spare his wasting heats,
When Life's Ash-Wednesday comes about,
And my head's gray with fires burnt out,
While stays one spark to light the eye,
With the last flash of memory,
'Twill leap to welcome C. F. B.,
Who sent my favourite pipe to me.

James Russell Lowell

A WINTER EVENING HYMN TO MY FIRE

NICOTIA, dearer to the Muse
Than all the grape's bewildering juice,
We worship, unforbid of thee;
And as her incense floats and curls
In airy spires and wayward whirls,
Or poises on its tremulous stalk
A flower of frailest reverie,
So winds and loiters, idly free,
The current of unguided talk,
Now laughter-rippled, and now caught
In smooth dark pools of deeper thought.
Meanwhile thou mellowest every word,
A sweetly unobtrusive third;
For thou hast magic beyond wine
To unlock natures each to each;
The unspoken thought thou canst divine;
Thou fill'st the pauses of the speech
With whispers that to dreamland reach,
And frozen fancy-springs unchain
In Arctic outskirts of the brain.
Sun of all inmost confidences,
To thy rays doth the heart unclose
Its formal calyx of pretences,
That close against rude day's offences,
And open its shy midnight rose!

James Russell Lowell

A PIPE OF TOBACCO

In Imitation of Six Several Authors

IMITATION I

(Colley Cibber)

"Laudes egregii Cæsaris—
Culpa deterere ingeni."

—*Horace*

A New Year's Ode.

Recitativo

OLD battle array big with horror is fled,
And olive-robed Peace again lifts up her head.
Sing, ye Muses, Tobacco, the blessing of peace;
Was ever a nation so blessed as this?

Air

When summer suns grow red with heat,
Tobacco tempers Phœbus' ire,
When wintry storms around us beat,
Tobacco cheers with gentle fire.
Yellow autumn, youthful spring,
In thy praises jointly sing.

Recitativo

Like Neptune, Cæsar guards Virginian fleets,
Fraught with Tobacco's balmy sweets;
Old Ocean trembles at Britannia's pow'r,
And Boreas is afraid to roar.

Air

Happy mortal! He who knows
Pleasure which a Pipe bestows;
Curling eddies climb the room,
Wafting round a mild perfume.

Recitativo

Let foreign climes the vine and orange boast,
While wastes of war deform the teeming coast;
Britannia, distant from each hostile sound,
Enjoys a Pipe, with ease and freedom crown'd;
E'en restless Faction finds itself most free,
Or if a slave, a slave to Liberty.

Air

Smiling years that gayly run
Round the Zodiack with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.
Britain's sons no longer now
Hurl the bar, or twang the bow,
Nor of crimson combat think,
But securely smoke and drink.

Chorus

Smiling years that gayly run
Round the Zodiack with the sun,
Tell, if ever you have seen
Realms so quiet and serene.

IMITATION II

(Ambrose Phillips)

"Tenues fugit ceu fumus in auras."

—Virgil

LITTLE tube of mighty pow'r,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire:
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently brac'd;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper prest,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men;
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns;
When agen the cricket's gay
(Little cricket, full of play),
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed:
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men.

IMITATION III

(James Thomson)

". . . Prorumpit ad æthera nubem
Turbine fumantem piceo."

—*Virgil*

O THOU, matur'd by glad Hesperian suns,
Tobacco, fountain pure of limpid truth,
That looks the very soul; whence pouring thought
Swarms all the mind; absorpt is yellow care,
And at each puff imagination burns.
Flash on thy bard, and with exalting fires
Touch the mysterious lip, that chaunts thy praise
In strains to mortal sons of earth unknown.
Behold an engine, wrought from tawny mines
Of ductile clay, with plastic virtue form'd,
And glaz'd magnifick o'er, I grasp, I fill.
From Pœtotheke with pungent pow'rs perfum'd,
Itself one tortoise all, where shines imbib'd
Each parent ray; then rudely ram'd illume,
With the red touch of zeal-enkindling sheet,
Mark'd with Gibsonian lore; forth issue clouds,
Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
And many-mining fires: I all the while,

Lolling at ease, inhale the breezy balm.
But chief, when Bacchus wont with thee to join
In genial strife and orthodoxal ale,
Stream life and joy into the Muses' bowl.
Oh be thou still my great inspirer, thou
My Muse; oh fan me with thy zephyrs boon,
While I, in clouded tabernacle shrin'd,
Burst forth all oracle and mystick song.

IMITATION IV

(Edward Young)

". . . Bullatis mihi nugis,
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo."
—*Perseus*

CRITICKS avaunt; Tobacco is my theme;
Tremble like hornets at the blasting stream.
And you, court-insects, flutter not too near
Its light, nor buzz within the scorching sphere.
Pollio, with flame like thine, my verse inspire,
So shall the Muse from smoke elicit fire.
Coxcombs prefer the tickling sting of snuff;
Yet all their claim to wisdom is—a puff:
Lord Fopling smokes not—for his teeth afraid:

Sir Tawdry smokes not—for he wears brocade.
Ladies, when pipes are brought, affect to swoon;
They love no smoke, except the smoke of town;
But courtiers hate the puffing tribe,—no matter,
Strange if they love the breath that cannot flatter!
Its foes but show their ignorance; can he
Who scorns the leaf of knowledge, love the tree?
The tainted templar (more prodigious yet)
Rails at Tobacco, tho' it makes him—spit.
Citronia vows it has an odious stink;
She will not smoke (yè gods!) but she will drink:
And chaste Prudella (blame her if you can)
Says, pipes are us'd by that vile creature Man:
Yet crowds remain, who still its worth proclaim,
While some for pleasure smoke, and some for fame:
Fame, of our actions universal spring,
For which we drink, eat, sleep, smoke,—ev'rything.

IMITATION V

(Alexander Pope)

". . . Solis ad ortus
Vanescit fumus."

—*Lucan*

BLEST leaf! whose aromatick gales dispense
To templars modesty, to parsons sense:
So raptur'd priests, at fam'd Dodona's shrine
Drank inspiration from the steam divine.
Poison that cures, a vapour that affords
Content, more solid than the smile of lords:
Rest to the weary, to the hungry food,
The last kind refuge of the wise and good.
Inspir'd by thee, dull cits adjust the scale
Of Europe's peace, when other statesmen fail.
By thee protected, and thy sister, beer,
Poets rejoice, nor think the bailiff near.
Nor less the critick owns thy genial aid,
While supperless he plies the piddling trade.
What tho' to love and soft delights a foe,
By ladies hated, hated by the beau,
Yet social freedom, long to courts unknown,
Fair health, fair truth, and virtue are thy own.
Come to thy poet, come with healing wings,
And let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings.

IMITATION VI

(JONATHAN SWIFT)

"Ex fumo dare lucem."

—Horace

BOY! bring an ounce of Freeman's best,
And bid the vicar be my guest:

* * * *

This village, unmolested yet
By troopers, shall be my retreat:
Who cannot flatter, bribe, betray;
Who cannot write or vote for pay.
Far from the vermin of the town,
Here let me rather live, my own,
Doze o'er a pipe, whose vapour bland
In sweet oblivion lulls the land;
Of all which at Vienna passes,
As ignorant as —— Brass is:
And scorning rascals to caress,
Extol the days of good Queen Bess,
When first TOBACCO blest our isle,
Then think of other Queens—and smile.

Come, jovial pipe, and bring along
Midnight revelry and song;
The merry catch, the madrigal,
That echoes sweet in City Hall;
The parson's pun, the witching tale
Of country justice o'er his ale.

I ask not what the French are doing,
Or Spain to compass Britain's ruin :
Britons, if undone, can go,
Where TOBACCO loves to grow.

Isaac Hawkins Browne
(18th Century)

A HINT FROM OMAR KHAYYÁM

HERE with a pipe of baccy and a friend,
When day once more is drawing to its end,
We'll smoke the pipe of peace and leave the world,
Whatever hap the morrow's sun may send.

Come fill your pipe, and when it truly draws
Attend not while thy friend declines and jaws ;
The hour of bliss is all too short, alas !
To waste in idle chatter like the daws.

Anonymous

SWEET DEFINITIONS

TOBACCO'S a Musician,
And in a pipe delighteth ;
It descends in a close,
Through the organs of the nose.
With a relish that inviteth.

(*Chorus*)

This makes me sing, soho, soho, boyes,
Ho boyes, sound I loudly,
Earth ne'er did breed
Such a jovial weed,
Whereof to boast so proudly.

Tobacco is a Lawyer,
His pipes do love long cases;
When our brain it enters
Our feet do make indentures,
While we seal with stamping paces.

(*Chorus*)

Tobacco is a Physician,
Good both for sound and sickly;
'Tis a hot perfume
That expels cold rheume,
And makes it flow down quickly

(*Chorus*)

Tobacco is a Traveller,
Comes from the Indies hither;
It passed sea and land
Ere it came to my hand,
And 'scaped the wind and weather.

(*Chorus*)

Tobacco is a Critticke
That still old paper turneth;

Whose labour and care
Is smoke in the aire,
That ascends from a rag when it burneth.
(*Chorus*)

Tobacco is an *ignis fatuus*,
A fat and fyrie vapoure
That leads men about
Till the fire be out,
Consuming like a taper.
(*Chorus*)

Tobacco is a Whyffler
That cries "Huff Snuff" with furie,
His pipes, his club and linke;
He's the wiser that doth drink;
Thus armed I fear not furie.
(*Chorus*)

Holiday

CHOOSING A WIFE BY A PIPE OF TOBACCO

TUBE, I love thee as my life;
By thee I mean to choose a wife.
Tube, thy colour let me find
In her skin, and in her mind.
Let her have a shape as fine;
Let her breath be sweet as thine;
Let her, when her lips I kiss,
Burn like thee, to give me bliss;
Let her, in some smoke or other,
All my failings kindly smother.

Often when my thoughts are low,
Send them where they ought to go;
When to study I incline,
Let her aid be such as thine;
Such as thine the charming pow'r
In the vacant social hour.
Let her live to give delight,
Ever warm and ever bright;
Let her deeds, whene'er she dies,
Mount as incense to the skies.

Gentlemen's Magazine

MY CIGAR

I

IN spite of my physician, who is, *entre nous*, a fogy,
And for every little pleasure has some pathologic bogy,
Who will bear with no small vices, and grows dismally prophetic
If I wander from the weary way of virtue dietetic;

II

In spite of dire forewarnings that my brains will all be scattered,
My memory extinguished, and my nervous system shattered,
That my hand will take to trembling, and my heart begin to flutter,
My digestion turn a rebel to my very bread and butter;

III

As I puff this mild Havana, and its ashes slowly lengthen,
I feel my courage gather and my resolution strengthen :
I will smoke, and I will praise you, my cigar, and I will light you
With tobacco-phobic pamphlets by the learnèd prigs who fight you !

IV

Let him who has a mistress to her eyebrow write a sonnet,
Let the lover of a lily pen a languid ode upon it ;
In such sentimental subjects I'm a Philistine and cynic,
And prefer the inspiration drawn from sources nicotinic.

V

So I sing of you, dear product of (I trust you are) Havana,
And if there's any question as to how my verses scan, a
Reason is my shyness in the Muses' aid invoking,
As, like other ancient maidens, they perchance object to smoking.

VI

I have learnt with you the wisdom of contemplative quiescence,
While the world is in a ferment of unmeaning effervescence,
That its jar and rush and riot bring no good one-half so sterling
As your fleecy clouds of fragrance that are now about me curling.

VII

So, let stocks go up or downward, and let politicians wrangle,
Let the parsons and philosophers grope in a wordy tangle,
Let those who want them scramble for their dignities or dollars,
Be millionaires or magnates, or senators or scholars.

VIII

I will puff my mild Havana, and I quietly will query,
Whether, when the strife is over, and the combatants are weary,
Their gains will be more brilliant than its faint expiring flashes,
Or more solid than this panful of its dead and sober ashes.

Arthur W. Gundry

A VALENTINE

WHAT'S my love's name? Guess her name.
Nina? No.
Alina? No.
It does end with "ina," though.
Guess again. Christiana? No.
Guess again. Wilhelmina? No.
She reciprocates my flame,
Cheers me wheresoe'er I go,
Never forward, never coy,
She is evermore my joy.
Oh, the rapture! oh, the bliss!
When I meet my darling's kiss.
Oh, I love her form to greet!
Oh, her breath is passing sweet!
Who could help but love her so?
Nicotina, mistress mine,
Thou shalt be my valentine.

Anonymous

THE REAL ARTICLE

THIS is my friend Abel, an honest fellow.
He lets me have good tobacco, he does not
Sophisticate it with slack lees, or oil,
Nor washes it with muscadel or grannis,

Nor buries it in gravel underground,
Wrapp'd up in greasy leather or old clouts,
But keeps it in fine lily-pots, that opened,
Smell like conserves of roses.

Ben Jonson

THE DUET

I WAS smoking a cigarette ;
Maud, my wife, and the tenor, McKey,
Were singing together a blithe duet,
And days it were better I should forget
Came suddenly back to me,—
Days when life seemed a gay masque ball,
And to love and be loved was the sum of it all.

As they sang together, the whole scene fled,
The room's rich hangings, the sweet home air,
Stately Maud, with her proud blonde head,
And I seemed to see in her place instead
A wealth of blue-black hair,
And a face, ah ! your face—yours, Lisette ;
A face it were wiser I should forget.

We were back—well, no matter when or where ;
But you remember, I know, Lisette.
I saw you, dainty and debonair,
With the very same look that you used to wear
In the days I should forget.

And your lips, as red as the vintage we quaffed,
Were pearl-edged bumpers of wine when you laughed.

Two small slippers with big rosettes
Peeped out under your kilt-skirt there,
While we sat smoking our cigarettes
(Oh, I shall be dust when my heart forgets !)
And singing that self-same air ;
And between the verses, for interlude,
I kissed your throat and your shoulders nude.

You were so full of a subtle fire,
You were so warm and so sweet, Lisette ;
You were everything men admire ;
And there were no fetters to make us tire,
For you were—a pretty grisette.
But you loved as only such natures can,
With a love that makes heaven or hell for a man.

. . . . .

They have ceased singing that old duet,
Stately Maud and the tenor, McKey.
" You are burning your coat with your cigarette,
And *qu'avez vous*, dearest, your lids are wet,"
Maud says, as she leans o'er me.

And I smile, and lie to her, husband-wise,
"Oh it is nothing but smoke in my eyes."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox

(By permission of Messrs. Gay and Hancock, Ltd.)

"J'AI DU BON TABAC"

I HAVE good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
I have good tobacco, but ne'er a rap for thee;
Both fire and rappee, but don't suppose
That they are meant for your poor nose.
For I have good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
I have good tobacco, both powdered and rappee;
I have good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
I have good tobacco, but deil a rap for thee!

This well-known song which my father sang
Had but one verse when I was young,
But I determine and propose
To make it as long as this my nose;
For I have good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
I have good tobacco, but deil a rap for thee!

The eldest son of a baron great
Inherited the whole estate ;
Thus to his brother did he say :
"I am the elder—be an abbé !
For I have good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
I have good tobacco, but deil a rap for thee !"

A usurer his job completed,
And not a drop is left to skim,
Says to the wretch whom he has cheated,
When he's completely finished him :
"I have good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
I have good tobacco, but deil a rap for thee !"

Judges and lawyers with a client,
Whom they have flayed close as they can,
To him, no longer soft and pliant,
They cry, "Be out of this, my man !
For I have good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
I have good tobacco, but deil a rap for thee !"

An actress had a heart, and set it—
On a diamond brooch a banker wore ;
He said, "Don't you wish that you may get it?
But then you won't—of that be sure !

For I have good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
I have good tobacco, both powdered and rappee ;
I have good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
I have good tobacco, and deil a rap for thee !"

Those who deny that Voltaire is clever,
Have too bad a cold in the head to smell ;
The perfume will escape them ever,
Till the catarrh be cured and well ;
For he has good tobacco, tobacco in his snuff-box,
He has finely scented, as I can smell and see ;
He has good tobacco, tobacco in his snuff-box,
But if not up to snuff, there's none of it for thee !

Behold eight verses which I offer,
Full many more on the theme might be ;
But I am afraid that some jolly snuffer
May cry aloud, while he laughs at me :
"I have good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
I have good tobacco, both powdered and rappee ;

I have good tobacco, tobacco in my snuff-box,
Very good tobacco, but deil a rap for thee!"

The Abbé de Lattaignant
(Trans. by Charles Godfrey Leland)

SMOKE IS THE FOOD OF LOVERS

WHEN Cupid open'd shop, the trade he chose
Was just the very one you might suppose,
Love keep a shop?—his trade, oh! quickly name!
A dealer in tobacco—fie, for shame!
No less than true, and set aside all joke,
From oldest time he ever dealt in smoke;
Than smoke, no other thing he sold, or made;
Smoke all the substance of his stock-in-trade;
His capital all smoke, smoke all his store,
'Twas nothing else; but lovers ask no more—
And thousands enter daily at his door!
Hence it was ever, and it e'er will be
The trade most suited to his faculty:
Fed by the vapours of their heart's desire,
No other food his votaries require;
For that they seek—the favour of the fair—
Is unsubstantial as the smoke and air.

Jacob Cats
(Trans. by Richard Pigot)

SONNET ON TOBACCO

From the French of Grævius

SWEET enchantment of my solitude,
Companion glowing-pipe, sublime delight;
To my dull'd soul thou bringst clearest sight,
To my sad heart a calm and happy mood.
Tobacco! rapture of my mind, when I
See, like the lightning, vanish in the air
Thy smoke, I find an image striking rare
Of my life's feebleness and brevity.
With eloquence thou tellst unto me
What I, alas! alas! must one day be—
I, animated ashes—and I feel
Confused, ashamed, that, running after smoke,
I lose myself, like thee; thou dost evoke
Regrets when most thou dost thy charms reveal.

Note

Grævius was one of the most distinguished scholars of the seventeenth century. He was born at Nainburg, in Saxony, on January 29, 1632.

In 1661 he was appointed professor at Utrecht, where he died on the 11th of January, 1703. His character was estimable as his erudition was astonishing. Two kings, who were rivals and enemies—Louis XIV. and William III.—joined in doing him honour, and three universities—Leyden, Heidelberg, and Padua—

made him, but in vain, the most flattering offers and invitations. By his wife, Edile de Camp, he had eighteen children, four only of whom survived him. His library, consisting of five thousand printed and a hundred manuscript volumes, is now incorporated with the library of Heidelberg University. Long ago there was a translation into German of his famous Sonnet on Tobacco, but so far as we know, our own is the first translation into English.

Cope's "Tobacco Plant"

A SONG, AFTER SHERIDAN

HERE'S to the hookah, with snake of five feet,
Or the "portable" fix'd to one's "topper";
Here's to the meerschaum, more naughty than neat,
And here's to all pipes that are proper.
Fill them up tight,
Give 'em a light,
I'll wager a smoke will set everything right.

Here's to the Warden's twelve inches of stalk,
Here's to Jack Tar's clay, with one, sir;

To the pipes now with mountings so rich that they "walk,"
And here's to most pipes which have none, sir.
Fill them up tight, &c.

Here's to the Milo just out of the shop,
With mouthpiece as dry as pale sherry;
Here's to your veteran, wet as a mop,
Black as a sloe or a cherry.
Fill them up tight, &c.

Let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,
Light or heavy, I care not a feather;
So fill them with 'Baccy right up to the rim,
And let us all smoke them together.
Fill them up tight,
Give 'em a light,
I'll wager a smoke will set everything right.

Cope's "Tobacco Plant"

ANOTHER MATCH

After A. C. Swinburne

IF love were dhudeen olden
And I were like the weed,
Oh! we would live together
And love the jolly weather,
And bask in sunshine golden,
Rare pals of choicest breed;
If love were dhudeen olden,
And I were like the weed.

If you were oil essential,
And I were nicotine,
We'd hatch up wicked treason,
And spoil each smoker's reason,
Till he grew penitential,
And turned a bilious green;
If you were oil essential,
And I were nicotine.

If you were snuff, my darling,
And I, your love, the box,
We'd live and sneeze together,
Shut out from all the weather,
And anti-snuffers snarling,
In neckties orthodox;
If you were snuff, my darling,
And I, your love, the box.

If you were the aroma,
And I were simply smoke,
We'd skyward fly together,
As light as any feather;
And flying high as Homer,
His grey old ghost we'd choke;
If you were the aroma,
And I were simply smoke.

Cope's "Tobacco Plant"

WHAT I LIKE

TO lie with half-closed eyes, as in a dream,
Upon the grassy bank of some calm stream—
And smoke.

To climb with daring feet some rugged rock,
And sit aloft where gulls and curlews flock—
And smoke.

To wander lonely on the ocean's brink,
And of the good old times to muse and think—
And smoke.

To hide me in some deep and woody glen,
Far from unhealthy haunts of sordid men—
And smoke.

To linger in some fairy-haunted vale
While all about me falls the moonlight pale—
And smoke.

Henry S. Leigh

MY THREE LOVES

WHEN Life was all a summer day,
And I was under twenty,
Three loves were scattered in my way—
And three at once are plenty.
Three hearts, if offered with a grace,
One thinks not of refusing.

The task in this especial case
Was only that of choosing.
I knew not which to make my pet—
My pipe, cigar, or cigarette.

To cheer my night or glad my day
My pipe was ever willing;
The meerschaum or the lowly clay
Alike repaid the filling.
Grown men delight in blowing clouds,
As boys in blowing bubbles,
Our cares to puff away in crowds,
And banish all our troubles.
My pipe I nearly made my pet,
Above cigar or cigarette.

A tiny paper, tightly rolled
About some Latakia,
Contains within its magic fold
A mighty *panacea*.
Some thought of sorrow or of strife
At ev'ry whiff will vanish;
And all the scenery of life
Turn picturesquely Spanish.
But still I could not quite forget
Cigar and pipe for cigarette.

To yield an after-dinner puff
O'er *demi-tasse* and brandy,
No cigarettes are strong enough;
No pipes are ever handy.

However fine may be the feed,
It only moves my laughter,
Unless a dry, delicious weed
Appears a little after.
A prime cigar I firmly set
Above a pipe or cigarette.

But, after all, I try in vain
To fetter my opinion;
Since each upon my giddy brain
Has boasted a dominion.
Comparisons I'll not provoke,
Lest *all* should be offended.
Let this discussion end in smoke,
As many more have ended.
And each I'll make a special pet:—
My pipe, cigar, and cigarette.

Henry S. Leigh

THE PROSE OF SMOKING

Showeth that smoke hath a Prosaical as well as a Poetical aspect.

HIS WIFE'S CIGARS[1]

THOUGH Pettigrew, who is a much more successful journalist than Jimmy, says pointedly of his wife that she encourages his smoking instead of putting an end to it, I happen to know that he has cupboard skeletons. Pettigrew has been married for years, and frequently boasted of his wife's interest in smoking, until one night an accident revealed the true state of matters to me. Late in the night when traffic is hushed and the river has at last a chance of making itself heard, Pettigrew's window opens cautiously, and he casts something wrapped in newspaper into the night. The window is then softly closed, and all is again quiet. At other times Pettigrew steals along the kerbstone, dropping his skeletons one by one. Nevertheless, his cupboard beneath the bookcase is so crammed that he dreams the lock has given way. The key is always in his pocket, yet when his children approach the cupboard he orders them away, so fearful is he of something happening. When his wife has retired he sometimes unlocks the cupboard with nervous hand, when the door bursts gladly open, and the things roll on to the carpet. They are the cigars his wife gives

[1] From "My Lady Nicotine," by J. M. Barrie. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d. Popular Edition, 6d. London, Hodder and Stoughton.

him as birthday presents, on the anniversary of his marriage, and at other times, and such a model wife is she that he would do anything for her except smoke them. They are Celebros (Regalia Rothschilds), twelve-and-six the hundred. I discovered Pettigrew's secret one night when, as I was passing his house, a packet of Celebros alighted on my head. I demanded an explanation, and I got it on the promise that I would not mention the matter to the other Arcadians.

"Several years having elapsed," said Pettigrew, "since I pretended to smoke and enjoy my first Celebro, I could not now undeceive my wife—it would be such a blow to her. At the time it could have been done easily. She began by making trial of a few. There were seven of them in an envelope; and I knew at once that she had got them for a shilling. She had heard me saying that eightpence is a sad price to pay for a cigar—I prefer them at tenpence—and a few days afterwards she produced her first Celebros. Each of them had, and has, a gold ribbon round it, bearing the legend, "Non plus ultra." She was shy and timid at that time, and I thought it very brave of her to go into the shop herself and ask for the Celebros (as advertised); so I thanked her warmly. When she saw me slipping them into my pocket she looked disappointed, and said

that she would like to see me smoking one.

My reply would have been that I never cared to smoke in the open air, if she had not often seen me do so. Besides, I wanted to please her very much; and if what I did was weak, I have been severely punished for it. The pocket into which I had thrust the Celebros also contained my cigar-case; and with my hand in the pocket I covertly felt for a Villar y Villar and squeezed it into the envelope. This I then drew forth, took out the cigar (as distinguished from the Celebros), and smoked it with unfeigned content. My wife watched me eagerly, asking six or eight times how I liked it. From the way she talked of fine rich bouquet and nutty flavour I gathered that she had been in conversation with the tobacconist, and I told her the cigars were excellent Yes, they were as choice a brand as I had ever smoked. She clapped her hands joyously at that, and said that if she had not made up her mind never to do so she would tell me what they cost. Next she asked me to guess the price; I answered 80s. a hundred; and then she confessed that she got the seven for a shilling. On our way home she made arch remarks about men who judged cigars simply by their price. I laughed gaily in reply, begging her not to be too hard on me; and I did

not even feel uneasy when she remarked that of course I would never buy those horridly expensive Villar y Villars again. When I left her I gave the Celebros to an acquaintance against whom I had long had a grudge (we have not spoken since), but I preserved the envelope as a pretty keepsake. This, you see, happened shortly before our marriage.

"I have had a consignment of Celebros every month or two since then, and, dispose of them quietly as I may, they are accumulating in the cupboard. I despise myself; but my guile was kindly meant at first, and every thoughtful man will see the difficulties in the way of a confession now. Who can say what might happen if I were to fling that cupboard door open in presence of my wife? I smoke less than I used to do; for if I were to buy my cigars by the box I could not get them smuggled into the house. Besides, she would know—I don't say how, I merely make the statement—that I had been buying cigars. So I get half a dozen at a time. Perhaps you will sympathize with me when I say that I have had to abandon my favourite brand. I cannot get Villar y Villars that look like Celebros, and my wife is quicker in those matters than she used to be. One day, for instance, she noticed that the cigars in my case had not the gold ribbon round them, and I almost fancied she

became suspicious. I explained that the ribbon was perhaps a little ostentatious ; but she said it was an intimation of nutty flavour : and now I take ribbons off the Celebros and put them on the cigars. The boxes in which the Celebros arrive have a picturesque design on the lid and a good deal of lace frilling round the edge, and she likes to have a box lying about. The top layer of that box is cigars in gold ribbons, placed there by myself, and underneath are the Celebros. I never get down to the Celebros.

J. M. Barrie

MR. CAUDLE HAS BEEN AT A TAVERN WITH A FRIEND, AND "IS ENOUGH TO POISON A WOMAN" WITH TOBACCO-SMOKE

I'M sure I don't know who'd be a poor woman! I don't know who'd tie themselves up to a man, if they knew only half they'd have to bear. A wife must stay at home and be a drudge, whilst a man can go anywhere. It's enough for a wife to sit like Cinderella by the ashes, whilst her husband can go drinking and singing at a tavern. *You never sing ?* How do I know you never sing? It's very well for you to say so ; but if

I could hear you, I dare say you're among the worst of 'em.

"And now, I suppose, it will be the tavern every night? If you think I'm going to sit up for you, Mr. Caudle, you're very much mistaken. No: and I'm not going to get out of my warm bed to let you in, either. No: nor Susan shan't sit up for you. No: nor you shan't have a latch-key. I'm not going to sleep with the door upon the latch, to be murdered before the morning.

"Faugh! Pah! Whewgh! That filthy tobacco smoke! It's enough to kill any decent woman. You know I hate tobacco, and yet you will do it. *You don't smoke yourself?* What of that? If you go among people who *do* smoke, you're just as bad, or worse. You might as well smoke—indeed, better. Better smoke yourself than come home with other people's smoke all in your hair and whiskers.

"I never knew any good come to a man who went to a tavern. Nice companions he picks up there! Yes; people who make it a boast to treat their wives like slaves, and ruin their families. There's that wretch, Harry Prettyman. See what he's come to. He doesn't now get home till two in the morning; and then in what a state! He begins quarrelling with the door-mat, that his poor wife may be afraid to speak to him. A mean wretch!

But don't you think I'll be like Mrs. Prettyman. No: I wouldn't put up with it from the best man that ever trod. You'll not make me afraid to speak to you, however you may swear at the door-mat. No, Mr. Caudle, that you won't.

"*You don't intend to stay out till two in the morning?* How do you know what you'll do when you get among such people? Men can't answer for themselves when they get boozing one with another. They never think of their poor wives, who are grieving and wearing themselves out at home. A nice headache you'll have to-morrow morning—or rather *this* morning; for it must be past twelve. *You won't have a headache?* It's very well for you to say so, but I know you will; and then you may nurse yourself for me. Ha! that filthy tobacco again! No; I shall not go to sleep like a good soul. How's people to go to sleep when they're suffocated?

"Yes, Mr. Caudle, you'll be nice and ill in the morning! But don't you think I'm going to let you have your breakfast in bed, like Mrs. Prettyman. I'll not be such a fool. No; nor I won't have discredit brought upon the house by sending for soda-water early, for all the neighbourhood to say, 'Caudle was drunk last night.' No: I've some regard for the dear children, if you haven't. No: nor you shan't

have broth for dinner. Not a neck of mutton crosses my threshold, I can tell you.

"*You won't want soda-water, and you won't want broth?* All the better. You wouldn't get 'em if you did, I can assure you. —— Dear, dear, dear! That filthy tobacco! I'm sure it's enough to make me as bad as you are. Talking about getting divorced,—I'm sure tobacco ought to be good grounds. How little does a woman think, when she marries, that she gives herself up to be poisoned! You men contrive to have it all of your own side, you do. Now if I was to go and leave you and the children, a pretty noise there'd be! You, however, can go and smoke no end of pipes and—— *You didn't smoke?* It's all the same, Mr. Caudle, if you go among smoking people. Folks are known by their company. You'd better smoke yourself than bring home the pipes of all the world.

"Yes, I see how it will be. Now you've once gone to a tavern, you'll always be going. You'll be coming home tipsy every night; and tumbling down and breaking your leg, and putting out your shoulder; and bringing all sorts of disgrace and expense upon us. And then you'll be getting into a street fight—oh! I know your temper too well to doubt it, Mr. Caudle—and be knocking down some of the police. And then I know what will

follow. It *must* follow. Yes, you'll be sent for a month or six weeks to the treadmill. Pretty thing that, for a respectable tradesman, Mr. Caudle, to be put upon the treadmill with all sorts of thieves and vagabonds, and—there, again, that horrible tobacco!—and riffraff of every kind. I should like to know how your children are to hold up their heads, after their father has been upon the treadmill?—No; I *won't* go to sleep. And I'm not talking of what's impossible. I know it will all happen—every bit of it. If it wasn't for the dear children, you might be ruined and I wouldn't so much as speak about it,—but, oh, dear, dear! at least you might go where they smoke *good* tobacco—but I can't forget that I'm their mother. At least they shall have *one* parent.

"Taverns! Never did a man go to a tavern who didn't die a beggar. And how your pot-companions will laugh at you when they see your name in the Gazette! For it *must* happen. Your business is sure to fall off; for what respectable people will buy toys for their children of a drunkard? You're not a drunkard! No: but you will be—it's all the same.

"You've begun by staying out till midnight. By and by 'twill be all night. But don't you think, Mr. Caudle, you shall ever have a key.

I know you. Yes; you'd do exactly like that Prettyman; and what did he do, only last Wednesday? Why, he let himself in about four in the morning, and brought home with him his pot-companion, Puffy. His dear wife woke at six, and saw Prettyman's dirty boots at her bed-side. And where was the wretch, her husband? Why, he was drinking down-stairs—swilling. Yes; worse than a midnight robber, he'd taken the keys out of his dear wife's pockets—ha! what that poor creature has to bear!—and had got at the brandy. A pretty thing for a wife to wake at six in the morning, and instead of her husband to see his dirty boots!

"But I'll not be made your victim, Mr. Caudle, not I. You shall never get at my keys, for they shall lie under my pillow—under my own head, Mr. Caudle.

"You'll be ruined, but if I can help it, you shall ruin nobody but yourself.

"Oh! that hor—hor—hor—i—ble tob—ac—— co!"

To this lecture Caudle affixes no comment. A certain proof, we think, that the man had nothing to say for himself.

Douglas Jerrold

MR. CAUDLE JOINS A CLUB—"THE SKYLARKS"

WELL, if a woman hadn't better be in her grave than be married! That is, if she can't be married to a decent man. No; I don't care if you are tired, I *shan't* let you go to sleep. No, and I won't say what I have to say in the morning; I'll say it now. It's all very well for you to come home at what time you like—it's now half-past twelve—and expect I'm to hold my tongue, and let you go to sleep. What next, I wonder? A woman had better be sold for a slave at once.

"And so you've gone and joined a club? The Skylarks, indeed! A pretty skylark you'll make of yourself! But I won't stay and be ruined by you. No: I'm determined on that. I'll go and take the dear children, and you may get who you like to keep your house. That is, as long as you have a house to keep—and that won't be long, I know.

"How any decent man can go and spend his nights in a tavern!—oh, yes, Mr. Caudle; I dare say you *do* go for rational conversation. I should like to know how many of you would care for what you call rational conversation, if you had it without your filthy brandy-and-water; yes, and your more filthy tobacco smoke. I'm sure the last time you came home,

I had the headache for a week. But I know who it is who's taking you to destruction. It's that brute, Prettyman. He has broken his own poor wife's heart, and now he wants to—but don't you think it, Mr. Caudle; I'll not have my peace of mind destroyed by the best man that ever trod. Oh, yes! I know you don't care so long as you can appear well to all the world,—but the world little thinks how you behave to me. It shall know it, though—that I'm determined.

"How any man can leave his own happy fireside to go and sit, and smoke, and drink, and talk with people who wouldn't one of 'em lift a finger to save him from hanging—how any man can leave his wife—and a good wife, too, though I say it—for a parcel of pot-companions—oh, it's disgraceful, Mr. Caudle: it's unfeeling. No man who had the least love for his wife could do it.

"And I suppose this is to be the case every Saturday? But I know what I'll do. I know—it's no use, Mr. Caudle, your calling me a good creature; I'm not such a fool as to be coaxed in that way. No; if you want to go to sleep, you should come home in Christian time, not at half-past twelve. There was a time when you were as regular at your fireside as the kettle. That was when you were a decent man, and didn't go amongst Heaven knows

who, drinking and smoking, and making what you think your jokes. I never heard any good come to a man who cared about jokes. No respectable tradesman does. But I know what I'll do: I'll scare away your Skylarks. The house serves liquor after twelve of a Saturday; and if I don't write to the magistrates, and have the licence taken away, I'm not lying in this bed this night. Yes, you may call me a foolish woman; but no, Mr. Caudle, no; it's you who are the foolish man; or worse than a foolish man; you're a wicked one. If you were to die to-morrow—and people who go to public-houses do all they can to shorten their lives—I should like to know who would write upon your tombstone, 'A tender husband and an affectionate father'? *I*——I'd have no such falsehoods told of you, I can assure you.

"Going and spending your money, and—nonsense! don't tell me—no, if you were ten times to swear it, I wouldn't believe that you only spent eighteen-pence on a Saturday. You can't be all those hours and only spend eighteen-pence. I know better. I'm not quite a fool, Mr. Caudle! A great deal you could have for eighteen-pence! And all the Club married men and fathers of families. The more shame for 'em! Skylarks, indeed! They should call themselves Vultures; for they can only do as they do by eating up their innocent

wives and children. Eighteen-pence a week! And if it was only that—do you know what fifty-two eighteen-pences come to in a year? Do you ever think of that, and see the gowns I wear? I'm sure I can't, out of the house-money, buy myself a pincushion; though I've wanted one these six months. No—not so much as a ball of cotton. But what do you care so you can get your brandy-and-water? There's the girls, too—the things they want! They're never dressed like other people's children. But it's all the same to their father. Oh, yes! So he can go with his Skylarks, they may wear sackcloth for pinafores, and packthread for garters.

"You'd better not let that Mr. Prettyman come here, that's all; or, rather, you'd better bring him once. Yes, I should like to see him. He wouldn't forget it. A man who, I may say, lives and moves only in a spittoon. A man who has a pipe in his mouth as constant as his front teeth. A sort of tavern king, with a lot of fools, like you, to laugh at what he thinks his jokes, and give him consequence. No, Mr. Caudle, no; its no use your telling me to go to sleep, for I won't. Go to sleep, indeed! I'm sure it's almost time to get up. I hardly know what's the use of coming to bed at all now.

"The Skylarks, indeed! I suppose you'll be buying a 'Little Warbler,' and at your time

of life, be trying to sing. The peacocks will sing next. A pretty name you'll get in the neighbourhood ; and, in a very little time, a nice face you'll have. Your nose is getting redder already : and you've just one of those noses that liquor always flies to. *You don't see it's red?* No—I dare say not—but *I* see it ; I see a great many things you don't. And so you'll go on. In a little time, with your brandy-and-water—don't tell me that you only take two small glasses : I know what men's two small glasses are ; in a little time you'll have a face all over as if it was made of red-currant jam. And I should like to know who's to endure you then? I won't, and so don't think it. Don't come to me.

"Nice habits men learn at clubs ! There's Joskins : he was a decent creature once, and now I'm told he has more than once boxed his wife's ears. He's a Skylark too. And I suppose, some day, you'll be trying to box *my* ears? Don't attempt it, Mr. Caudle ; I say don't attempt it. Yes—it's all very well for you to say you don't mean it,—but I only say again, don't attempt it. You'd rue it till the day of your death, Mr. Caudle.

"Going and sitting for four hours at a tavern ! What men, unless they had their wives with them, can find to talk about, I can't think. No good, of course.

"Eighteen-pence a week—and drinking brandy-and-water, enough to swim a boat! and smoking like the funnel of a steamship! And I can't afford myself so much as a piece of tape! It's brutal, Mr. Caudle. It's ve-ve-ve—ry bru——tal."

"And here," says Caudle—"here, thank Heaven! at last she fell asleep."

Douglas Jerrold

WAS IT "W. D." OR "H. O."?

THREE men were on a walking tour through Norway. Two were of the ordinary type, the third was a man who rarely spoke, consumed much tobacco, and when he did speak, had always something to say worth listening to. Their road led them one day past a pleasantly situated house at the door of which was standing an unmistakable Englishman. "Whose house is that?" asked one of the men of a passer-by. "That is the house of a member of the firm of W. D. & H. O. Wills, the great English tobacconists," was the reply. The trio walked on. Some hours after, one of the men addressed the smoker, who had taken no part in the conversation with the passer-by and who had not spoken since. "Well, Smoker, what are

you thinking about now?" "What am I thinking?" said Smoker, without removing his pipe from his mouth. "I was wondering whether that man at the door was W. D. or H. O."

. . . . .

These men possessed a dog, Towser by name. It was nominally Smoker's—he paid the tax, the others subscribed. Of course they couldn't take Towser to Norway with them. One morning when they had been afoot about an hour, a rat ran across the road. "There's a rat!" said one man. "Yes, by Jove! and a thumper at that!" said the other. Smoker, as usual, said nothing. That night just as they were climbing into bed, Smoker shook his head regretfully and said, "If Towser had seen that rat!"

Anonymous

"SWEET ARE THE USES OF ADVERSITY"

IN Edinburgh there was a tobacco manufacturer whose tobacco is well known in Scotland. He made a very fine quality of plug, and on each bar was a small tin label, fixed by means of two sharp spurs. This the buyer, naturally, flung away when his knife in cutting came to it. One day the manu-

facturer, let us call him Mr. McKinnell, was standing with his son waiting for a tramway car, when they heard a startled exclamation behind them. Turning round they saw a newsboy picking something out of his bare foot. He glanced at the something before flinging it away, saying sharply at the same time, "D——n McKinnell!" The manufacturer called the boy to him, and slipping a shilling into his hand said, "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

Anonymous

THE BRUTE!

A LADY was looking for a carriage that was not a smoker, and inquired of a passenger, "Is this a smoking carriage?" "No, ma'am. You'll get one further along!" replied the brute.

"FAR FROM THE MADDING——"

NOBODY comes whose talk is half as good to me as silence. I fly out of the way of everybody, and would much rather smoke a pipe of wholesome tobacco than talk to any one in London just now. Nay, their talk is often rather an offence to me, and I murmur to myself, "Why open one's lips for such a purpose?"

Thomas Carlyle

A SOFT ANSWER

A FATHER was thunderstruck, one day, to suddenly come upon his boy, age ten, standing at the street corner puffing away at a cigarette with all the assurance of a suffragette. "Bless my eyes, you young scamp!" he ejaculated, raising his stick threateningly. "Why, what's the matter, father?" coolly questioned the young hopeful. "Matter!" exploded the irate parent. "How *dare* you smoke to my very face?" "Oh!" exclaimed the youth as though suddenly enlightened—"this isn't my cigarette, father. I'm just keeping it alight for Jimmy Green—he's run in to see his mother." How true it is that a soft answer works wonders with wrath!

Anonymous

KINGSLEY ON TOBACCO

THEY had gone ten miles or more: the day began to draw in, and the western wind to sweep more cold and cheerless every moment, when Amyas, knowing that there was not an inn hard by around for many a mile ahead, took a pull at a certain bottle which Lady Grenville had put into his holster, and then offered Yeo a pull also.

He declined: he had meat and drink too, about him, Heaven be praised!

"Meat and drink? Fall to, then, man, and don't stand on manners."

Whereon Yeo, seeing an old decayed willow by a brook, went to it and took therefrom some touch-wood, to which he set a light with his knife and a stone, while Amyas watched, a little puzzled and startled, as Yeo's fiery reputation came into his mind. Was he really a Salamander-sprite, and going to warm his inside by a meal of burning tinder? But now Yeo, in his solemn methodical way, pulled out of his bosom a brown leaf, and began rolling a piece of it up neatly to the size of his little finger; and then putting the one end into his mouth, and the other on the tinder, sucked it till it was alight, and drinking down the smoke, began puffing it out again at his nostrils with a grunt of deepest satisfaction, and resumed his dog-trot by Amyas's side, as if he had been a walking chimney

On which Amyas burst into a loud laugh, and cried, "Why, no wonder they said you breathed fire! Is not that the Indian's tobacco?"

"Yea, verily, Heaven be praised! but did you never see it before?"

"Never, though we heard talk of it along the coast; but we took it for one more Spanish lie. Humph—well, live and learn!"

"Ah, sir, no lie, but a blessed truth, as

I can tell, who have ere now gone in the strength of this weed three days and nights without eating : and therefore, sir, the Indians always carry it with them on their war-parties ; and no wonder, for when all things were made none were made better than this : to be

A Lone Man's Companion,
A Bachelor's Friend,
A Hungry Man's Food,
A Sad Man's Cordial,
A Wakeful Man's Sleep,
and
A Chilly Man's Fire ;

while for staunching of wounds, purging of rheum, and settling of the stomach, there's no herb like it under the canopy of heaven."

Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"

LAMB AND TOBACCO

IF you find the Miltons in certain parts dirtied and soiled with a crumb of right Gloucester, blacked in the candle (my usual supper), or peradventure a stray ash of tobacco wafted into the crevices, look to that passage more especially : depend upon it, it contains good matter.

Charles Lamb
(Letter to S. T. Coleridge)

THE ORIGIN OF TOBACCO

THE Prophet was taking a stroll in the country when he saw a serpent, stiff with cold, lying on the ground. He compassionately took it up and warmed it in his bosom. When the serpent had recovered, it said:

"Divine Prophet, listen. I am now going to bite thee."

"Why, pray?" inquired Mahomet.

"Because thy race persecuted mine and tries to stamp it out."

"But does not thy race, too, make perpetual war against mine?" was the Prophet's rejoinder. "How canst thou, besides, be so ungrateful and so soon forget that I saved thy life?"

"There is no such thing as gratitude upon this earth," replied the serpent, "and if I were now to spare thee, either thou or another of thy race would kill me. By Allah, I shall bite thee!"

"If thou hast sworn by Allah, I will not cause thee to break thy vow," said the Prophet, holding his hand to the serpent's mouth.

The serpent bit him, but he sucked the wound with his lips and spat the venom on the ground. And on that very spot there sprung up a plant which combines within

itself the venom of the serpent and the compassion of the Prophet.

Men call this plant by the name of Tobacco.

Conte Arabe

A FEMALE SMOKER

(General Jackson's Wife)

A MORE exemplary woman in all the relations of life—wife, friend, neighbour, relation, mistress of slaves—never lived, and never presented a more quiet, cheerful, and admirable management of her household. She had the general's own warm heart, frank manners, and admirable temper; and no two persons could have been better suited to each other, lived more happily together, or made a house more attractive to visitors. No bashful youth or plain old man, whose modesty sat them down at the lower end of the table, could escape her cordial attention, any more than the titled gentleman at her right and left. Young persons were her delight, and she always had her house filled with them, all calling her affectionately, "Aunt Rachel." In the homely fashion of the time, she used to join her husband and guests in smoking a pipe after dinner and in the evening.

Cyclopedia of Biography

RALEIGH, THE PIONEER

WHAT a prodigious smoker Sir Walter was, we may gather from the size of his tobacco-box. This most interesting relic was in 1719 carefully preserved in the museum of a Mr. Ralph Thoresby, of Leeds. The box was cylindrical in form, and no less than seven inches in diameter and thirteen inches high. It was intended to hold somewhat over a pound of tobacco, and was surrounded by a sort of collar containing holes to receive pipes. What a mighty pioneer he was!

"FIRE! HELP!"

TOBACCO was first brought into repute in England by Sir Walter Raleigh. By the caution he took in smoking it privately, he did not intend it should be copied. But sitting one day in deep meditation with a pipe in his mouth, he inadvertently called to his man to bring him a tankard of small-beer. The fellow, coming into the room, threw all the liquor into his master's face, and, running downstairs, bawled out, "Fire! Help! Sir Walter has studied till his head is on fire, and the smoke bursts out at his mouth and nose!"

CARLYLE ON TOBACCO

TOBACCO smoke is the one element in which, by our European manners, men can sit silent together without embarrassment, and where no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say. Nay, rather every man is admonished and enjoined by the laws of honour, and even of personal ease, to stop short of that point; and at all events to hold his peace and take to his pipe again the instant he has spoken his meaning, if he chance to have any. The results of which salutary practice, if introduced into constitutional parliaments, might evidently be incalculable. The essence of what little intellect and insight there is in that room—we shall or can get nothing more out of any parliament; and sedative, gently clarifying, tobacco smoke (if the room were well ventilated, open at top, and the air kept good), with the obligation to a minimum of speech, surely gives human intellect and insight the best chance they can have.

Thomas Carlyle

MILTON, A SMOKER

THE great poet Milton was a smoker. During the latter period of his life, when composing "Paradise Lost," he invariably wound up a full day by indulging in a pipe of tobacco. We learn from John Aubrey's most interesting account of the poet that he rose early—at four in summer, at five in winter—and began the day by listening to a chapter or two from the Hebrew Scriptures (he was then blind). Then he contemplated. At seven his man—his paid secretary—came to him and read to him and wrote till dinner. Exercise in the form of walking in his garden followed. The afternoon was commonly devoted to music, of which he was still passionately fond; he played both the bass-viol and the organ, and sometimes he would sing to himself, and sometimes his wife would sing to him. After this, he again listened to reading till six; and between six and eight he received his friends. Conversation he greatly enjoyed: his own talk, we are told, was "extreme pleasant"; his youngest daughter, Deborah, the only one of his children who ever spoke of him with any tenderness, declared that he was "delightful company, the soul of conversation," by reason of "a flow of subject, and an unaffected cheerfulness and civility."

It is perhaps a little surprising to learn that a vein of humour often enlightened his talk. At eight he took his supper—"of olives or some light thing," for in eating and drinking he was extremely abstemious—and, having smoked a pipe of tobacco and drunk a glass of water, he went to bed at nine. Such was his simple and praiseworthy way of life.

Milton and his Poetry

THACKERAY ON THE SOCIAL PIPE

HONEST men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like, but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke; hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation, no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner. The cigar harmonizes the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that the Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the

philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish; it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent, and unaffected; in fact, dear Bob, I must out with it,—I am an old smoker. At home, I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it (the which I own is a crime). I vow and believe that the cigar has been one of the greatest creature-comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship.

William Makepeace Thackeray

PROFESSOR HUXLEY AND THE WEED

A CAPITAL story is told of Professor Huxley, which tends to show how "pungent" were his views on the subject of smoking.

The occasion was a debate on the subject of "The Pipe," organized by the members of the British Association, many speakers denouncing and a few defending the smoking habit. At length Huxley rose and said,—"For upward of forty years of my life, tobacco has to me been a deadly poison. [*Approving cheers from the Anti-smokers.*] In my early days, while a medical student, I made heroic efforts to

smoke. In vain, gentlemen. At every attempt my insidious and invincible foe stretched me prostrate and helpless, almost lifeless, upon the floor. [*Delighted cheers from the Abstainers.*] Then I entered the Navy, and again I tried to smoke, but again was I conquered. I hated tobacco with a perfect hatred. Willingly at that period would I have given my support to any movement that had for its object the slaying of all tobacco-smokers. [*Tumultuous applause.*] However, a few years ago I was in Brittany with some close friends. We found our way to an inn and, alas! they began to smoke. They looked exceeding happy, and outside it was very dismal and wet. I thought I would try a cigar. [*Uneasy murmurs.*] I did so. [*Uneasy growls.*] Gentlemen, I make a clean breast of it—I smoked that cigar: it was delicious. [*Uneasy groans.*] From that moment I was a changed man; and I am now convinced that smoking in moderation is a very comforting and laudable practice, and one doubtless productive of much good. [*Roars of laughter from the Smokers. Dismay and confusion of the Anti-smokers.*] What harm is there in a cup of tea? There is no more harm in a pipe! You may poison yourself by drinking too much tea—you may kill yourself by devouring too many beef-steaks. For my own

part, I consider that tobacco in moderation is a sweetener of our lot in life and a great equalizer of the temper." [*Total rout of the Anti-tobacconists, and complete triumph of the Smokers.*]

SHAKESPEARE AND TOBACCO

SURPRISE has often been expressed that Shakespeare makes no allusion in his plays to "divine tobacco," as Spenser calls it. Many explanations have been offered for his silence, but none of them can be considered satisfactory, and the enigma is one that future Shakespearean scholars ought to attempt to solve.

CARLYLE AND EMERSON

A WELL-KNOWN legend relates that on the occasion in 1833 when Emerson visited Carlyle at Craigenputtock, Carlyle gave his distinguished visitor a pipe, and taking one himself, the two sat in unbroken silence throughout the evening; and that when they parted at midnight, they shook hands and congratulated each other on the pleasant and profitable evening they had spent.

PHILOSOPHY OF SMOKING

Telleth of the subtle link between Pipeosity and Philosophy and the need to PHIL every PIPE

IT would be interesting to learn what is the average age at which a smoker first comes to the conclusion that he ought to give up smoking. For, of course, every smoker does come to that conclusion sooner or later. Probably he is well into middle life before the first serious qualm comes. He has travelled his best days in the company of Nicotine ; and he feels that his best days would not have been his best days had it not been for her fragrant society.

When he recalls himself of twenty years ago —the happy ignoramus that was himself before the whirling machinery of life entangled him—the young man who comes up in the picture always carries a pipe between his lips. It seems to dwell naturally among the other features of his foolish, happy face. It not only shared those calm and glowing times, but it inspired most of the glory of them. It is the clue to the whole picture, like the signature of the artist.

But the time when the smoker's feelings change towards his pipe arrives inexorably. In some subtle way the pipe has become different from what it was. He misses the old flavour, and no alteration of mixture succeeds in restoring it. It doesn't draw well, no matter how assiduously he pushes feathers down the stem. Strange pains rive his chest

before the pipe is half smoked. He can't account for the alteration, either. At first he puts it all down to liver or kidney trouble, until it is borne in upon him that he never notices his liver or his kidney except while he is smoking, or immediately afterwards. "Yes," he tells himself sadly, "I shall have to give up smoking."

It is an awful moment. I have known a man to declare: "I must turn down Ethel" (or whatever the girl's name might be at the time), and to do it straight away with no more compunction than is expressed by a shrug of the shoulders; and the same man has broken out into a cold sweat of agitation, as he told me that he felt sure he would have to give up his pipe. The fact is, a man keeps a very special kind of affection for his pipe, of much the same character as that which he keeps for his dog. Pipes and dogs have many points of resemblance. They are the only friends of man over whom he has absolute authority. He can do what he likes with his pipe and his dog; neither of them will question his right, and thus there results that rarest thing, a friendship entirely unbroken by strife.

[Here I become conscious of jeers from the ladies. Did you ever know a woman who really understood a man's attitude towards pipes and dogs? It is, to them, one of the

mysteries of our sex ; and since it serves the useful purpose of feeding their curiosity about us, the wise man will suffer their derision with equanimity. Selah.]

To return to the matter in hand. The smoker arrives at the dreadful moment in his career when he is convinced that he will have to give up his pipe. He spends weeks in reviewing the situation from all its aspects, weighing up the pros and cons, balancing the advantages against the disadvantages—and smoking furiously all the time. (Smoking, you see, is a great aid to the concentration of the mind upon a particular subject.) Meanwhile the flavour of his pipe gets steadily worse ; it draws more and more foully, and the pains in his chest increase. To console himself for these grave distresses he is obliged to smoke more than ever. At the end of all this deliberation, he is confirmed in his opinion that he really must give it up, and he turns his thoughts to the question of how to do it.

Now, there are numerous ways of giving up smoking, none of which, I am happy to say, necessarily involve giving it up. True, I have heard of men who, having declared their intention to give up smoking, have never touched a pipe from that moment ; but I have never met them, any more than I have ever met a man who has actually seen a ghost. Nor do I want

to meet such men. Cold and calculating brutes, they must needs be, callous and inhuman. I should be sorry to be obliged to ask the loan of half-a-crown from any man of that stamp. But I am familiar with the plan known as the gradual system. This is the method by which you knock off smoking at the rate of one pipe, or even two pipes, a week, and it has many recommendations. For one thing, the process takes such a long time that before you have reduced yourself to really short commons something is almost sure to turn up rendering any further abstention unnecessary. Your liver recovers, very likely, or your kidneys retire into a decent oblivion.

Some smokers give up smoking by reducing not the number of their pipes but their allowance of tobacco. Instead of smoking eight ounces a week they resolve to smoke seven and a half the first week, seven the next, six and a half the next, and so on. This plan may also be safely recommended, because when you have reached the end of your allowance (by Thursday afternoon, say) there is nothing to prevent you making shift with cigars till first thing Monday morning, when you can begin on the pipe again. Cigars don't count. On consideration, I really think this is a better plan than reducing the number of pipes.

Another idea which finds favour in some quarters is that of acquiring a distaste for tobacco by sucking acid drops. The flavour of the acid drops, it is said, makes tobacco unpleasant to the palate ; and I can well believe it. But the idea does not commend itself to me. It seems a mean trick to play on an old pal. If a man cannot part friends with his pipe, after all the good times he has had with it, I hold that he ought not to part with it at all.

Besides, it is a question whether the initial necessity of acquiring a taste for acid drops is worth the supposed advantages that are to follow from giving up smoking. Personally, I feel sure that acid drops would not stop at giving me a distaste for tobacco : they would turn my stomach against all other kinds of food. Regarded as *hors d'œuvres*, acid drops would only succeed in blasting what little pleasure in existence would be left me after dropping my pipe.

The plan of leaving all one's smoking tackle at home before going out in the morning is a good deal advocated ; but experience teaches me that it very seldom works. You simply buy a cheap pipe about noon, and fill it from the paper ounce-packet that you buy at the same time. I have seven pipes in my rack. Number Two was bought as the result of

leaving number One at home ; number Three as the result of leaving numbers One and Two at home ; number Four as the result of leaving numbers One, Two, and Three at home ; and so on. From number Two onward each pipe represents a victory of the flesh, a triumph of the evil one. Arrayed *en masse* in the rack their effect is a crushing discouragement to virtue, a damaging advertisement of the irresistible power of the devil. Moreover, they represent so much money thrown away, for being cheap pipes they are very little good. A little more than half the money spent on those six cheap pipes would have bought me one really good one.

Perhaps, after all, the best thing a man can do when faced with the necessity of giving up smoking is to deny it. Argue it this way—the pangs and penalties that you suppose to be due to smoking are really the inevitable accompaniments of increasing years : you will get used to them in time—even secretly proud of them, as old gentlemen are proud of their gout or old soldiers of their wounds ; and it would be foolish to deny yourself what consolation for them you can extract from your faithful briar. That's the way to treat it. Be a man !

H. T.

"YES, SOCIAL FRIEND"

YES, social friend, I love thee well,
In learned doctors' spite;
Thy clouds all other clouds dispel
And lap me in delight.

Anonymous

THE PANACEA

SMOKE on! smoke is the steam of life,
The smoother of the waves of strife;
When chimneys smoke, or scolds the wife,
The counteraction—Smoke!

Selino.

COME, LOVELY TUBE

COME, lovely tube, by friendship blest,
Belov'd and honoured by the wise,
Come filled with honest "Weekly's best,"
And kindled from the lofty skies.

While round me clouds of incense roll,
With guiltless joys you charm the sense,
And nobler pleasure to the soul
In hints of moral truth dispense.

Soon as you feel th' enliv'ning ray,
To dust you hasten to return,
And teach me that my earliest day
Began to give me to the urn.

But though thy grosser substance sink
To dust, thy purer part aspires;
This when I see, I joy to think
That earth but half of me requires.

Like thee, myself am born to die,
Made half to rise, and half to fall,
Oh, could I, while my moments fly,
The bliss you give me give to all!

Gentlemen's Magazine
(1745)

THE SOULE'S SOLACE

Part I

THE Indian weed, withered quite,
Green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay all flesh is hay.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white
Shows thee to be a mortal wight,
And even such, gone with a touch.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Thinke thou beholdst the vanity
Of worldly stuffe, gone with a puffe.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

And when the Pipe grows foul within,
Thinke on thy soul defiled with sin,
And then the fire, it doth require.
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind,
May serve to put thee still in mind,
That unto dust, return thou must,
Thus thinke, then drinke Tobacco.

George Wither
(Ascribed to)

PART II

Was this small plant for thee cut down?
So was the Plant of Great Renown,
Which Mercy sends
For nobler ends:
Thus think, and smoke Tobacco.

Does juice medicinal proceed
From such a naughty foreign weed?
Then what's the power
Of Jesse's Flower?
Thus think, and smoke Tobacco.

The promise, like the pipe, inlays,
And by the mouth of faith conveys
What virtue flows
From Sharon's Rose:
Thus think, and smoke Tobacco.

In vain the unlighted pipe you blow;
Your pains in outward means are so,
'Till heavenly fire
Your heart inspire:
Thus think, and smoke Tobacco.

The smoke, like burning incense, towers,
So should a praying heart of yours,
With ardent cries,
Surmount the skies:
Thus think, and smoke Tobacco.

Ralph Erskine
(Gospel Sonnets)

SONNET

UPON a faggot seated, pipe in lips,
Leaning my head against the chimney wall,
My heart sinks in me, down my eyelids fall,
As all alone I think on life's eclipse.

Hope, that puts off to-morrow for to-day,
  Essays to change my sadness for awhile,
  And shows me with her kind and youthful smile
A fate more glorious than men's words can say.

Meantime the herb in ashes sinks and dies;
Then to its sadness back my spirit flies,
  And the old troubles still rise up behind.
Live upon hope and smoke your pipe: all's one.
It means the same when life is passed and done;
  One is but smoke, the other is but wind.

Le Sieur de Saint-Amant
(Trans. by Sir Walter Besant)

SONNET

OF careless souls this is the meeting-place,
  Which sometimes I frequent for my delight.
  The master calls himself La Plante with right,
For to a plant his fortune he can trace.

You see there Bilot pale as in sad case,
From both whose nostrils vapour takes its flight
While Sallard tickles at the servant light,
Who laughs with nose up and fore-shortened face.

How much this one-eyed better friends must be
With Fortune than those alchemists we see
From wise becoming mad, from rich quite poor!
They find at length their health and strength decay,
Their money all in smoke consumed away;
But he from smoke gets money more and more.

Le Sieur de Saint-Amant
(Trans. by James Thomson)

SAM SLICK ON THE VIRTUES OF A PIPE

"THE fact is, Squire, the moment a man takes to a pipe, he becomes a philosopher. It's the poor man's friend; it calms the mind, soothes the temper, and makes a man patient under difficulties. It has made more good men, good husbands, kind masters, indulgent fathers, than any other blessed thing on this universal earth."

Sam Slick's "The Clockmaker"

A CATCH ON TOBACCO

(*Sung by four men smoking their pipes*)

GOOD, good indeed;
The herb's good weed;
Fill thy pipe, Will.
And I prithee, Sam, fill,
And yet sing still,
And yet sing still,
What say the learn'd?
What say the learn'd?
Vita fumus, vita fumus!

'Tis what you and I,
And he and I,
You, and he, and I,
And all of us *sumus*.

But then to the learned say we again,
If life's a smoke, as they maintain;
If life's a vapour without doubt,
When a man does die,
He should not cry,
That his glass is run, but his pipe is out.

But whether we smoke or whether we sing,
Let us be loyal and remember the King,
Let him live, and let his foes vanish thus, thus, thus,
Like a pipe, like a pipe of Spanish, thus, thus, thus,
A pipe of Spanish! *Anonymous*

THE SMOKING PHILOSOPHER

HIS whole amusement was his pipe; and, as there is a certain indefinable link between smoking and philosophy, my father, by dint of smoking, had become a philosopher. It is no less strange than true that we can puff away our cares with tobacco, when without it they remain an oppressive burthen to existence. There is no composing draught like the draught through the tube of a pipe. The savage warriors of North America enjoyed the blessing before we did; and to the pipe is to be ascribed the wisdom of their councils, and the laconic delivery of their sentiments. It would be well introduced into our own legislative assembly. Ladies, indeed, would no longer peep down through the ventilator; but we should have more sense and fewer words. It is also to tobacco that is to be ascribed the stoical firmness of those American warriors who, satisfied with the pipe in their mouths, submitted with perfect indifference to the torture of their enemies. From the virtues of this weed arose that peculiar expression when you irritate another, that you "put his pipe out."

Captain Marryat's "Jacob Faithful"

"VITA BREVIS"

LIFE'S short, 'tis agreed ;
So we'll try from the weed,
Of man a brief emblem to tack, O !
When his spirit ascends,
Die he must,—and he ends
In dust, like a pipe of tobacco.

The Museum of Mirth

NEATLY PUT

THE man who smokes thinks like a sage
and acts like a Samaritan !

Bulwer-Lytton

SAYS THE PIPE TO THE SNUFF-BOX

To the Rev. Mr. Newton

SAYS the Pipe to the Snuff-box, "I can't understand
What the ladies and gentlemen see in your face,
That you are in fashion all over the land,
And I am so much fallen into disgrace.

"Do but see what a pretty contemplative air
I give to the company,—pray do but note 'em,—
You would think that the wise men of Greece were all there,
Or, at least, would suppose them the wise men of Gotham.

"My breath is as sweet as the breath of blown roses,
While you are a nuisance where'er you appear;
There is nothing but snivelling and blowing of noses,
Such a noise as turns any man's stomach to hear."

Then, lifting his lid in a delicate way,
And opening his mouth with a smile quite engaging,
The Box in reply was heard plainly to say,
"What a silly dispute is this we are waging!

"If you have a little of merit to claim,
You may thank the sweet-smelling Virginian weed;
And I, if I seem to deserve any blame,
The before-mentioned drug in apology plead.

"Thus neither the praise nor the blame is our own,
No room for a sneer, much less a cachinnus;
We are vehicles, not of tobacco alone,
But of anything else they may choose to put in us."

William Cowper

SWEET SMOAKING PIPE

SWEET smoaking Pipe, bright-glowing stove,
Companion still of my retreat,
Thou dost my gloomy thoughts remove,
And purge my brain with gentle heat.

Tobacco, charmer of my mind,
When, like the meteor's transient gleam,
Thy substance gone to air I find,
I think, alas, my life's the same!

What else but lighted dust am I?
Thou shew'st me what my fate will be;
And when my sinking ashes die,
I learn that I must end like thee.

Anonymous

THE PATRIOTIC SMOKER'S LAMENT

TELL me, shade of Walter Raleigh,
Briton of the truest type,
When that too devoted valet
Quenched your first-recorded pipe,
Were you pondering the opinion,
As you watched the airy coil,
That the virtue of Virginia
Might be bred in British soil?

You transplanted the potato,
'Twas a more enduring gift
Than the wisdom of a Plato
To our poverty and thrift.
That respected root has flourished
Nobly for a nation's need,
But our brightest dreams are nourished
Ever on a foreign weed.

From the deepest meditation
Of philosophic scribe,
From the poet's inspiration,
For the cynic's polished gibe,
We invoke narcotic nurses
In their jargon from afar,
I indite these modest verses
On a polyglot cigar.

Leaf that lulls a Turkish Aga
May a scholar's soul renew,
Fancy spring from Larranaga,
History from Honey-dew.
When the teacher and the tyro
Spirit-manna fondly seek,
'Tis the cigarette from Cairo,
Or a compound from the Greek.

But no British-born aroma
Is fit incense to the Queen,
Nature gives her best diploma
To the alien nicotine.

We are doomed to her ill-favour,
For the plant that's native grown
Has a patriotic flavour
Too exclusively our own.

O my country, could your smoker
Boast your "shag," or even "twist,"
Every man were mediocre
Save the blest tobacconist!
He will point immortal morals,
Make all common praises mute,
Who shall win our grateful laurels
With a national cheroot.

The St. James' Gazette

COFFEE-HOUSES AND SMOKING

SMOKING has had its vicissitudes, as well as other fashions. In Elizabeth's day, when it first came up, it was a high accomplishment; James (who liked it none the better for its being of Raleigh's invention) indignantly refused it the light of his countenance; in Charles's time it was dashed out by the cannon; lips had no leisure for it under Charles the Second; the clubs and the Dutch brought it back again with King William; it prevailed more or less during the reign of the first two Georges; grew thin, and died away

under George the Third ; and has lately reappeared, with a flourish of Turkish pipes, and through the milder medium of the cigar, under the auspices of his successor.

The last smoker I recollect among those of the old school was a clergyman. He had seen the best society, and was a man of the most polished behaviour. This did not hinder him from taking his pipe every evening before he went to bed. He sat in his armchair, his back gently bending, his knees a little apart, his eyes placidly inclined towards the fire : and delighted, in the intervals of puffs, to recount anecdotes of the Marquis of Rockingham and "my Lord North." The end of his recreation was announced to those who had gone to bed, by the tapping of the bowl of his pipe upon the hob, for the purpose of emptying it of its ashes. Ashes to ashes ; head to bed. It is a pity that the long day of life cannot always terminate as pleasantly. Bacon said that the art of making deathbeds easy was among the *desiderata* of knowledge. Perhaps, for the most part, they are easier than the great chancellor imagined ; but, no doubt, the most conscientious ones might often be bettered. A virtuous man shall not always take his departure as comfortably as a sinner with a livelier state of diaphragm. Frenchmen have died sitting in their chairs full-dressed and

powdered. I have a better taste in mortality than that; but I think I could drop off with a decent compromise between thought and forgetfulness, sitting with my pipe by a fireside, in an old elbow chair.

I delight to think of the times when smoking was an ornament of literature, a refreshment and repose to the studious head; when Hobbes meditated, and Cowley built his castles in those warmer clouds, and Dr. Aldrich his quadrangles. In smoking you may think or not think as you please. If the mind is actively employed, the pipe keeps it in a state of satisfaction, supplies it with a side luxury, a soft ground to work upon. If you wish to be idle, the successive puffs take the place of thinking. There is a negative activity in it, that fills up the place of the real. Intruding notions are met with a puff in their teeth, and puffed into nothing. Studious men are subject to a working and fermenting of thought, when their meditations would fain be over: they cannot always cease meditating. Bacon was accustomed to take a draught of March beer towards bedtime, to settle this estuary of his mind. I wonder he did not take a pipe, as a gentler carrier off of that uneasiness. Being a link between thought and no thought, one would imagine it would have been a more advisable compromise with his state of excite-

ment than the dashing of one stream upon another in that violent manner, and forcing his nerves to behave themselves. There are delicate heads, I am aware, that cannot bear even a cigar. Smoking, of any sort, makes too sudden an appeal to the connection between their sensitive nerves and the stomach ; produces what the doctors call a predigestion, and is rebuked with a punishment of the weaker part, to wit, the brain. Bacon's might have been such in his old age, after all the service it had seen ; but I wonder, on that account, that he resorted to the jolly and fox-hunting succedaneum of beer. A walk would have been better. "After study walk a mile." The object is to restore the blood gradually to motion, arrested as it has been with many thoughts, and confused when they let it go. Now a pipe is a more gradual restorative than a draught. As it is a shadowing off between thinking and no thinking, so it is a preparer for sleep, and a reconciler with want of company.

But the genius of smoking, being truly philosophical, has its love of society too, and then it resorts to a cup. Among Mr. Stothard's agreeable designs for the Spectator, there is one of the club over a table, with their pipes and their wine. Captain Sentry is going to light his pipe at the candle ; Sir Roger is sitting

with his knees apart, like the old gentleman I have been describing, in the act of preparing his,—perhaps thinking what a pretty tobacco-stopper the widow's finger would have made. One longs to be among them. As I never pass Covent Garden (and I pass it very often) without thinking of all the old coffee-houses and the wits, so I can never reflect, without impatience, that there are no such meetings nowadays, and no coffee-room that looks as if it would suit them.

Being a lover of wits, I should like to see the times alter in this respect, and the great men of all parties become visible. But where could they be so? Where could the pleasant fellows among our existing Whigs and Tories take up one of their respective tabernacles, and make a religion of our going to hear them, and aspiring to a pinch out of their snuff-boxes? I was thinking of this, as I passed through Covent Garden the other evening. Above all, said I, where could we have the whole warmth of the intercourse revived, the Spectator's tobacco-pipe and all, especially when it is no longer the fashion to drink wine. They do not allow smoking in the best coffee-houses; and where they do, so many other things are allowed, that no gentleman would remain.

During these meditations, I approach my

friend Gliddon's snuff and tobacco-shop, in King Street. Ay, here, said I, is wherewithal to fill the boxes of the Steeles and Congreves, and the pipes of the Aldriches and Sir Roger de Coverleys. But where is the room in which we can fancy them? Where is the coffee-house to match? Where the union of a certain domestic comfort with publicity—journals of literature as well as news—a fire visible to all—cups without inebriety—smoking without vulgarity? On a sudden, I find carriages stopping at the door; I recognize an acquaintance of mine, a member of Parliament, who does not easily come out of his way to fill a snuff-box; I hear a gentleman inquiring about the coffee-room, and "whether Prince Esterhazy is to be turned away again by a stress of company." I enter, and ask my old acquaintance what miracle he has been about. He points to a board in his shop, and then takes me through a door in the wall into the very room that I was looking for. It was rather two rooms thrown into one, and with a fire in each; a divan of ample dimensions runs round it; two cheerful fires offer double facility of approach, a twofold provocation to poke and be self-possessed. I sit down and am initiated with the hospitality due to an old friend, in all the amenities of the place. A cigar and an excellent cup of coffee are served.

"But will you have as good coffee at the end of the year?"—"Can you ask me that question, Mr. Honeycomb—you who have known me so long?"—"Well, if anybody that ever kept a shop can do it, it is you: and I tell you what:—if you do, depend upon it, no success will be like yours. Good fortune produces abuse of it; but the abuse is always as impolitic compared with a genuine policy as cunning is inferior to wisdom. And these cigars: the boy tells me they are excellent also. Is this true?"—"I can tell you one thing they say of them, by which you may judge for yourself; they say they are smuggled."

Leigh Hunt

PLEASURES OF SMOKING

Explaineth somewhat the "selfish folly" of those who are "Slaves of the Pipe"

THE WORLD'S DELIGHT

THRICE happy isles that stole the world's delight,
And thus produce so rich a Margarite!
It is the fountain whence all pleasure springs,
A potion for imperial and mighty kings.

He that is master of so rich a store
May laugh at Crœsus and esteem him poor;
And with his smoky sceptre in his fist,
Securely flout the toiling alchemist,
Who daily labours with a vain expense
In distillations of the quintessence,
Not knowing that this golden herb alone
Is the philosopher's admirèd stone.

It is a favour which the gods doth please,
If they do feed on smoke, as Lucian says.
Therefore the cause that the bright sun doth rest
At the low point of the declining west——
When his oft-wearied horses breathless pant—
Is to refresh himself with this sweet plant,
Which wanton Thetis from the West doth bring,
To joy her love after his toilsome ring:
For 'tis a cordial for an inward smart,
As is dietamnum to the wounded hart.
It is the sponge that wipes out all our woe;
'Tis like the thorn that doth on Pelion grow,

With which whoe'er his frosty limbs anoints,
Shall feel no cold in fat or flesh or joints.
'Tis like the river, which whoe'er doth taste
Forgets his present griefs and sorrows past.

Music, which makes grim thoughts retire,
And for a while cease their tormenting fire,—
Music, which forces beasts to stand and gaze,
And fills their senseless spirits with amaze,—
Compared to this is like delicious strings,
Which sound but harshly while Apollo sings.
The train with this infumed, all quarrel ends,
And fiercest foemen turn to faithful friends;
The man that shall this smoky magic prove,
Will need no philtres to obtain his love.

Yet the sweet simple, by misordered use,
Death or some dangerous sickness may produce.
Should we not for our sustentation eat
Because a surfeit comes from too much meat?
So our fair plant—that doth as needful stand
As heaven, or fire, or air, or sea, or land;
As moon, or stars that rule the gloomy night,
Or sacred friendship, or the sunny light—
Her treasured virtue in herself enrolls,
And leaves the evil to vain-glorious souls.
And yet, who dies with this celestial breath
Shall live immortal in a joyful death.

All goods, all pleasures in it one can link—
'Tis physic, clothing, music, meat, and drink.

Gods would have revell'd at their feasts of mirth
With this pure distillation of the earth;
The marrow of the world, star of the West,
The pearl whereby this lower orb is blest;
The joy of mortals, umpire of all strife,
Delight of nature, mithridate of life;
The daintiest dish of a delicious feast,
By taking which man differs from a beast.

Anonymous
(Reign of James I)

JULES SANDEAU ON THE CIGAR

THE cigar is one of the greatest triumphs of the Old World over the New.

It would be curious to trace the origin of the cigar, to watch its gradual development, and to observe its rapid growth and wide distribution. We might study, too, all the transformations it has undergone in passing from the homely lips of the commonalty to the rose-coloured lips of our dandies. Indeed, its history would not be

wholly devoid of interest, for no epoch, perhaps, can show an example of fortune so rapid as that of the cigar. The cigar is ubiquitous; it is the indispensable complement of all idle and elegant life; the man who does not smoke cannot be regarded as perfect. The cigar of to-day has taken the place of the little romances, coffee, and verses of the seventeenth century. I am not talking of the primitive cigar, whose poisonous odour and acrid and repulsive flavour reached one's martyred lips through the tube of a straw. Civilization has truly altered such early simplicity. Spain, Turkey, and Havana have yielded up to us the most precious treasures of their smoke-enwrapt dreamland! and our lips can now filter the perfumed vapour of odoriferous leaves which have crossed the sea at our summons. Do not ask me to describe the charm of the reverie, or the contemplative ecstasy into which the smoke of our cigar plunges us. Words are powerless to express or define these "States"; they are vague and mysterious, as unseizable as the sweetly scented clouds which are emitted from your "Mexico" or your "Panatella." Only let me tell you that if you have ever found yourself extended upon a divan with soft and downy cushions, on some winter's evening, before a clear and sparkling fire, enveloping the glow of your

lamp or the white light of your wax-candle with the smoke of a well-seasoned cigar, letting your thoughts ascend as uncertain and vaporous as the smoke floating around you, let me tell you, I repeat, that if you have never yet enjoyed the situation, you still have to be initiated into one of the sweetest of our terrestrial joys. Casanovia, the immodest Venetian who wrote his own memoirs, so that no one should be able to discover any eccentricities he had not committed, pretends that the smoker's sole pleasure consists in seeing the smoke escape from his lips. I think, O Venetian ! that you have touched a false note here. The smoke of the cigar produces the same effect as opium, in that it leads to a state of febrile exaltation, a perennial source of new pleasures. The cigar deadens sorrow, distracts our enforced inactivity, renders idleness sweet and easy to us, and peoples our solitude with a thousand gracious images. Solitude without friend or cigar is indeed insupportable to those who suffer.

THE LAST PIPE

WHEN head is sick and brain doth swim,
And heavy hangs each unstrung limb,
'Tis sweet through smoke-puffs, wreathing slow,
To watch the firelight flash or glow.
As each soft cloud floats up on high,
Some worry takes it wings to fly;
And Fancy dances with the flame,
Who lay so labour-cramped and lame;
While the spent Will, the slack Desire,
Re-kindle at the dying fire,
And burn to meet the morrow's sun
With all its day's work to be done.

The tedious tangle of the Law,
Your work ne'er done without some flaw;
Those ghastly streets that drive one mad,
With children joyless, elders sad,
Young men unmanly, girls going by,
Bold-voiced, with eyes unmaidenly;
Christ dead two thousand years agone,
And kingdom come still all unwon;
Your own slack self that will not rise
Whole-hearted for the great emprise,—
Well, all these dark thoughts of the day
As thin smoke's shadow drift away.

And see, those magic mists unclose,
And a girl's face amid them grows,—
The very look she's wont to wear,
The wild rose blossoms in her hair,
The wondrous depths of her pure eyes,
The maiden soul that 'neath them lies,
That fears to meet, yet will not fly,
Your stranger spirit drawing nigh.
What if our times seem sliding down?
She lives, creation's flower and crown.
What if your way seems dull and long?
Each tiny triumph over wrong,
Each effort up through sloth and fear,
And she and you are brought more near.
So rapping out these ashes light,—
"My pipe, you've served me well to-night."

Wilfred Brinton

MY CIGAR AND I

SOME sigh for this and that,
My wishes don't go far;
The world may wag at will,
So I have my cigar.

Some fret themselves to death
With Whig and Tory jar;

I don't care which is in,
So I have my cigar.

Sir John requests my vote,
And so does Mr. Marr;
I don't care how it goes,
So I have my cigar.

Some want a German row,
Some wish a Russian war;
I care not, I'm at peace,
So I have my cigar.

I never see the *Post*
I seldom read the *Star*,
The *Globe* I scarcely heed,
So I have my cigar.

Honours have come to men
My juniors at the Bar;
No matter—I can wait,
So I have my cigar.

Ambition frets me not;
A cab or glory's car
Are just the same to me,
So I have my cigar.

I worship no vain gods,
But serve the household Lar;
I'm sure to be at home,
So I have my cigar.

I do not seek for fame,
A general with a scar;
A private let me be,
So I have my cigar.

To have my choice among
The toys of life's bazaar,
The deuce may take them all,
So I have my cigar.

Some minds are often tost
By tempests like a tar;
I always seem in port,
So I have my cigar.

The ardent flame of love
My bosom cannot char,
I smoke, but do not burn,
So I have my cigar.

They tell me Nancy Low
Has married Mr. R.;
The jilt! but I can live,
So I have my cigar.

Thomas Hood

"GIVE ME A CIGAR!"

BUT here the herald of the self-same mouth
Came breathing o'er the aromatic South,
Not like a "bed of violets" on the gale,
Not such as wafts its cloud o'er grog or ale,
Borne from a short, frail pipe, which yet had blown
Its gentle odours over either zone,
And, puff'd where'er winds rise or waters roll,
Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole,
Opposed its vapour as the lightning flash'd,
And reek'd 'midst mountain billows unabashed,
To Æolus a constant sacrifice,
Through every change of all the varying skies.
And what was he who bore it? I may err,
But deem him sailor or philosopher.
Sublime tobacco! which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;

Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties,—give me a cigar!

Lord Byron
("The Island")

WHEN MY PIPE BURNS BRIGHT

WHEN my pipe burns bright and clear,
The gods I need not envy here;
And as the smoke fades in the wind,
Our fleeting life it brings to mind.

Noble weed! that comforts life,
And art with calmest pleasures rife;
Heaven grant thee sunshine and warm rain,
And to thy planter health and gain.

Through thee, friend of my solitude,
With hope and patience I'm endued,
Deep sinks thy power within my heart,
And cares and sorrows all depart.

Then let non-smokers rail forever;
Shall their hard words true friends dissever?
Pleasure's too rare to cast away
My pipe, for what the railers say!

When love grows cool, thy fire still warms me,
When friends are fled, thy presence charms me,
If thou art full, though purse be bare,
I smoke, and cast away all care!

German Folk Song

THE SMOKER'S UNIVERSE

MORTALS say their heart is light
When the clouds around disperse;
Clouds to gather, thick as night,
Is the smoker's universe.

From the German of Bauernfeld

ROGUISH TOBACCO

ODS me I marle what pleasure or felicity they have in taking their roguish tobacco. It is good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers.

Ben Jonson

MY LAST CIGAR

'TWAS off the blue Canary isles,
A glorious summer day,
I sat upon the quarter-deck
And whiffed my cares away;
And as the volumed smoke arose
Like incense in the air,
I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth,
It was my last cigar.

I leaned upon the quarter-rail
And looked down in the sea,
E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
Was curling gracefully.
Oh! what had I at such a time
To do with wasting care,
Alas! the trembling tear proclaimed
It was my last cigar.

I watched the ashes as it came
Fast drawing toward the end,
I watched it as a friend would watch
Beside a dying friend ;
But still the flame crept slowly on,
It vanished into air,
I threw it from me, spare the tale,
It was my last cigar.

I've seen the land of all I love
Fade in the distant dim,
I've watched above the blighted heart
Where once proud hope hath been.
But I've never known a sorrow
That could with that compare,
When, off the blue Canaries,
I smoked my last cigar.

Joseph Warren Fabens

PARADISE ENOUGH

AN easy chair, a book not over-tough,
A warden pipe, and some good smoking stuff,
A trusty pal, not too inclined to spout—
Oh, these, methinks, were Paradise enough.

Anonymous

MY AFTER-DINNER CLOUD

SOME sombre evening, when I sit
And feed in solitude at home,
Perchance an ultra-bilious fit
Paints all the world an orange chrome.
When Fear, and Care, and grim Despair
Flock round me in a ghostly crowd,
One charm dispels them all in air :—
I blow my after-dinner cloud.

'Tis melancholy to devour
The gentle chop in loneliness ;
I look on six—my prandial hour—
With dread not easy to express.
And yet, for every penance done,
Due compensation seems allow'd,
My penance o'er, its price is won :—
I blow my after-dinner cloud.

My clay is *not* a Henry Clay—
I like it better, on the whole ;
And when I fill it, I can say
I drown my sorrows in the bowl.
For most I love my lowly pipe
When weary, sad, and leaden-brow'd :
At such a time behold me ripe
To blow my after-dinner cloud.

As gracefully the smoke ascends
In columns from the weed beneath,
My friendly wizard, Fancy, lends
A vivid shape to every wreath.

Strange memories of life or death,
Up from the cradle to the shroud,
Come forth as, with enchanter's breath,
I blow my after-dinner cloud.

What wonder if it stills my care
To quit the present for the past;
And summon back the things that were,
Which only thus in vapour last?
What wonder if I envy not
The rich, the giddy, and the proud,
Contented in this quiet spot
To blow my after-dinner cloud?

Henry S. Leigh

TOBACCO'S WORST OFFENCE

THE pipe, with solemn interposing puff,
Makes half a sentence at a time enough;
The dozing sages drop the drowsy strain,
Then pause and puff, and speak, and pause again.
Such often, like the tube they so admire,
Important triflers! have more smoke than fire.

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to Society's chief joys
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.

William Cowper

EFFUSION BY A CIGAR SMOKER

WARRIORS! who from the cannon's mouth blow fire,
Your fame to raise,
Upon its blaze,
Alas! ye do but light your funeral pyre!
Tempting Fate's stroke;
Ye fall, and all your glory ends in smoke.
Safe in my chair from wounds and woe,
My fire and smoke from mine own mouth I blow.

Ye booksellers! who deal, like me, in puffs,
The public smokes
You and your hoax,
And turns your empty vapour to rebuffs.
Ye through the nose
Pay for each puff; when mine the same way flows,
It does not run me into debt;
And thus, the more I fume, the less I fret.

Authors! created to be puff'd to death,
And fill the mouth
Of some uncouth
Bookselling wight, who sucks your brains and breath,
Your leaves thus far
(Without its fire) resemble my cigar;
But vapid, uninspired, and flat:
When, when, O Bards, will ye *compose* like *that?*

Since life and the anxieties that share
Our hopes and trust,
Are smoke and dust,
Give me the smoke and dust that banish care.
The roll'd leaf bring,
Which from its ashes, Phœnix-like, can spring;
The fragrant leaf whose magic balm
Can, like Nepenthe, all our sufferings charm.

Oh, what supreme beatitude is this!
What soft and sweet
Sensations greet
My soul, and wrap it in Elysian bliss!
I soar above
Dull earth in these ambrosial clouds, like Jove,
And from my empyrean height
Look down upon the world with calm delight.

Horace Smith

EPIGRAM

CALL me hether *Will.*
You rogue, what ha'st to supper for my dyet?
Tel'st me of butcher's meate? knave, I defie it.
I'le have a banquet to envite an earle,
A *Phœnix* boylde in broth distill'd in pearle.
Holde! drie this leafe; a candle quickly bring,
I'le take one pipe to bed, none other thing.
Thus with *Tabacco* he will sup to-night:
Flesh-meate is heavie and his purse is light.

Samuel Rowlands

AN EXAMPLE FOR WIVES

SHE was, out and out, the very best filler of a pipe, I should say, in the four quarters of the globe. To see her put that chubby little finger in the bowl, and then blow down the pipe to clear the tube, and when she had done so, affect to think that there was really something in the tube, and blow a dozen times, and hold it to her eye like a telescope with a most provoking twist in her capital little face, as she looked down it, was quite a brilliant

thing. As to the tobacco, she was perfect mistress of the subject; and her lighting of the pipe, with a wisp of paper, when the Carrier had it in his mouth—going so very near his nose, and yet not scorching it—was Art, high Art.

Charles Dickens

AD MINISTRAM

DEAR Lucy, you know what my wish is,—
I hate all your Frenchified fuss:
Your silly entrées and made dishes
Were never intended for us.
No footman in lace and in ruffles
Need dangle behind my arm-chair;
And never mind seeking for truffles,
Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,
I prithee get ready at three:
Have it smoking, and tender, and juicy,
And what better meat can there be?
And when it has feasted the master,
'Twill amply suffice for the maid;
Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,
And tipple my ale in the shade.

William Makepeace Thackeray

"BEWARE, BEWARE! SHE'S FOOLING THEE!"

I MARLE what pleasure or felicity they have, says Cob, in "Every Man in His Humour", "in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choke a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers; there were four died out of one house, last week, with taking of it; and two more the bell went for yesternight; one of them, they say, will ne'er 'scape it; he voided a bushel of soot yesterday. By the Stocks, and were there no wiser men than I, I'd have it present whipping, man or woman, that should deal with a tobacco pipe; why, it will stifle them all in the end, as many as use it; it's little better than 'rat's bane, or rosaker'."

Ben Jonson

THE "AUTOCRAT" AND SMOKING

BY and by we got talking again.—"Does a poet love the verses written through him, do you think, sir?" said the divinity student.

"So long as they are warm from his mind, carry any of his animal heat about them, I *know* he loves them," I answered. "When

they have had time to cool, he is more indifferent."

"A good deal as it is with buckwheat cakes," said the young fellow whom they called John.

The last words, only, reached the ear of the economically organized female in black bombazine. "Buckwheat is skerce and high," she remarked. [Must be a poor relation sponging on our landlady,—pays nothing,—so she must stand by the guns and be ready to repel boarders.]

I liked the turn the conversation had taken, for I had some things I wanted to say, and so, after waiting a minute, I began again. "I don t think the poems I read you sometimes can be fairly appreciated given to you as they are in the green state. You don't know what I mean by the *green state?* Well, then, I will tell you. Certain things are good for nothing until they have been kept a long while; and some are good for nothing until they have been long kept and *used.* Of the first, wine is the illustrious and immortal example. Of those which must be kept and used I will name three—meerschaum pipes, violins, and poems. The meerschaum is but a poor affair until it has burned a thousand offerings to the cloud-compelling deities. It comes to us without

complexion or flavour—born of the sea-foam, like Aphrodite, but colourless as *pallida Mors* herself. The fire is lighted in its central shrine, and gradually the juices which the broad leaves of the Great Vegetable had sucked up from an acre and curdled into a drachm are diffused through its thirsting pores. First a discolouration, then a stain, and at last a rich, glowing, umber tint spreading over the whole surface. Nature true to her old brown autumnal hue, you see—as true in the fire of the meerschaum as in the sunshine of October! And then the cumulative wealth of its fragrant reminiscences! He who inhales its vapours takes a thousand whiffs in a single breath; and one cannot touch it without awakening the old joys that hang around it as the smell of flowers clings to the dresses of the daughters of the house of Farina!"

["Don't think I use a meerschaum myself, for I *do not*, though I have owned a calumet since my childhood, which from a naked Pict (of the Mohawk species) my grandsire won, together with a tomahawk and beaded knife-sheath; paying for the lot with a bullet-mark on his right cheek. On the maternal side I inherit the loveliest silver-mounted tobacco-stopper you ever saw. It is a little box-wood Triton, carved with charming

liveliness and truth ; I have often compared it to a figure in Raphael's 'Triumph of Galatea.' It came to me in an ancient shagreen case—how old it is I do not know—but it must have been made since Sir Walter Raleigh's time. If you are curious, you shall see it any day. Neither will I pretend that I am so unused to the more perishable smoking contrivance, that a few whiffs would make me feel as if I lay in a ground-swell on the Bay of Biscay. I am not unacquainted with that fusiform, spiral-wound bundle of chopped stems and miscellaneous incombustibles, the *cigar*, so called, of the shops,—which to 'draw' asks the suction-power of a nursling infant Hercules, and to relish, the leathery palate of an old Silenus. I do not advise you, young man, even if my illustration strikes your fancy, to concentrate the flower of your life to painting the bowl of a pipe, for, let me assure you, the stain of a reverie-breeding narcotic may strike deeper than you think for. I have seen the green leaf of early promise grow brown before its time under such Nicotian regimen, and thought the umbered meerschaum was dearly bought at the cost of a brain enfeebled and a will enslaved."]

O. W. Holmes

ODE TO TOBACCO

COME then, Tobacco, new-found friend,
Come, and thy suppliant attend
In each dull, lonely hour ;
And though misfortunes lie around,
Thicker than hailstones on the ground,
I'll rest upon thy power.
Then while the coxcomb, pert and proud,
The politician, learned and loud,
Keep one eternal clack,
I'll tread where silent Nature smiles,
Where Solitude our woe beguiles,
And chew thee, dear Tobac.

Daniel Webster

IN PRAISE OF SMOKING

Proclaimeth the homage of various Devotees offered at the shrine of My Lady Nicotine

A PIPE OF TOBACCO

LITTLE tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire!
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest
With my little stopper press'd.
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns;
When agen the cricket's gay
(Little cricket full of play),
Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men.

Isaac Hawkins Browne

ELEGY ON A QUID OF TOBACCO

IT lay before me on the close-grazed grass,
Beside my path, an old tobacco-quid :
And shall I by the mute adviser pass
Without one serious thought ! Now Heaven forbid !

Perhaps some idle drunkard threw thee there—
Some husband, spendthrift of his weekly hire,
One who for wife and children takes no care,
But sits and tipples by the alehouse fire.

Ah ! luckless was the day he learnt to chew !
Embryo of ills the quid that pleased him first !
Thirsty from that unhappy quid he grew,
Then to the alehouse went to quench his thirst.

So great events from causes small arise—
The forest oak was once an acorn seed—
And many a wretch from drunkenness who dies
Owes all his evils to the Indian weed.

Let not temptation mortal e'er come nigh !
Suspect some ambush in the parsley hid ;
From the first kiss of love ye maidens fly !
Ye youths ! avoid the first tobacco quid !

Perhaps I wrong thee, O thou veteran chaw!
And better thoughts my fancy should engage
That thou wert rounded in some toothless jaw,
The joy, perhaps, of solitary age.

One who has suffered Fortune's hardest knocks,
Poor, and with none to tend on his grey hairs,
Yet has a friend in his tobacco-box,
And, while he rolls his quid, forgets his cares.

Even so it is with human happiness—
Each seeks his own according to his whim;
One toils for wealth, one Fame alone can bless,
One asks a quid—a quid is all to him!

O veteran chaw! thy fibres savoury, strong,
While aught remained to chew, thy master chew'd,
Then cast thee there, when all thy juice was gone,
Emblem of selfish man's ingratitude!

O happy man! O cast-off quid! is he
Who, like as thou, has comforted the poor?
Happy his age who knows himself, like thee;
Thou didst thy duty—man can do no more.

Robert Southey

THE PRINCES OF ALL PLANTS

(To My Lord The Bishop of Murray)

THE statelie, rich, late conquered Indian plaines
Foster a plant, the princes of all plants,
Which *Portugall* after perill and paines,
To *Europe* broght, as it most iustlie vants:
This plant at home the people and Priests assure,
Of his goodwill, whom they as God adore,
Both here and there it worketh wondrous cure,
And hath such heauenlie vertue hid in store.
A stranger plant shipwracked in our coast,
Is come to help this cold phlegmatick soyle,
Yet cannot liue for calumnie and boast,
In danger daylie of some greater broyle:
My Lord this sacred herb which neuer offendit
Is forcde to craue your fauour to defend it.

William Barclay

THE VIRTUES OF THE PLANT

CRAIG, if thou knowes the virtues of
this plant,
Why dost thou dye thy quill in Inke
of blame?
If thou knowes not, for to supplie thy want,
Why followes thou the voice of faining
fame?
Is it not slander to this plant and thee,
To speake of it so poeticallie?

William Barclay

IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO

TO feed on flesh is gluttony,
It maketh men fat like swine;
But is not he a frugal man
That on a leaf can dine?

He needs no linen for to foul
His fingers' ends to wipe,
That has his kitchen in a box,
And roast meat in a pipe.

The cause wherefore few rich men's sons
Prove disputants in schools,
Is that their fathers fed on flesh,
And they begat fat fools.

This fulsome feeding cloggs the brain
And doth the stomach choak,
But he's a brave spark that can dine
With one light dish of smoak.

Samuel Rowlands

HAIL! SOCIAL PIPE

HAIL! Social pipe—thou foe to care,
Companion of my elbow chair;
As forth thy curling fumes arise,
They seem an evening sacrifice—
An offering to my Maker's praise,
For all His benefits and grace.

Dr. Garth

A MANILLA SONNET

LUSCIOUS leaf of fragrant savour,
Mild cheroot of choicest flavour,
Wafting incense to the sky,
Like the gales of Araby,
Let us press thee to our lips,
As the bee the honey sips;

Culling as our well-earned meed,
Joys from thee—thou heavenly weed!
Ere thy burnished lips we kiss,
Let us thus enjoy the bliss,
Lit by the Promethean spark,
Kindled from the congreve dark;
In summer-house or country villa,
There's nothing like a good Manilla!

E. L. Blanchard

SNUFF

A DELICATE pinch! Oh, how it tingles up
The titillated nose, and fills the eyes
And breast, till in one comfortable sneeze
The full-collected pleasure bursts at last!
Most rare Columbus! thou shalt be for this
The only Christopher in my Kalendar.
Why but for thee the uses of the Nose
Were half unknown, and its capacity
Of joy. The summer gale that from the heath,
At midnoon glowing with the golden gorse,
Bears its balsamic odour, but provokes
Not satisfies the sense; and all the flowers

That with their unsubstantial fragrance tempt
And disappoint, bloom for so short a space,
That half the year the Nostrils would keep Lent,
But that the kind tobacconist admits
No winter in his work; when Nature sleeps
His wheels roll on, and still administer
A plenitude of joy, a tangible smell.

What are Peru and those Golcondan mines
To thee, Virginia? miserable realms,
The produce of inhuman toil, they send
Gold for the greedy, jewels for the vain.
But thine are *common* comforts!—To omit
Pipe-panegyric and tobacco-praise,
Think what the general joy the snuff-box gives,
Europe, and far above Pizarro's name
Write Raleigh in thy records of renown!
Him let the school-boy bless if he behold
His master's box produced, for when he sees
The thumb and finger of Authority
Stufft up the nostrils; when hat, head, and wig
Shake all; when on the waistcoat black, brown dust
From the oft-reiterated pinch profuse

Profusely scatter'd, lodges in its folds,
And part on the magistral table lights,
Part on the open book, soon blown away,
Full surely soon shall then the brow severe
Relax; and from vituperative lips
Words that of birch remind not, sounds of praise,
And jokes that *must* be laugh'd at, shall proceed.

Robert Southey

A GOOD PIPE OF TOBACCO

LET the learned talk of books,
The glutton of cooks,
The lover of Celia's soft smack—O!
No mortal can boast
So noble a toast
As a pipe of accepted tobacco!

Let the soldier for fame,
And a general's name,
In battle get many a thwack—O!
Let who will have most,
Who will rule the rooste,
Give me but a pipe of tobacco.

Tobacco gives wit
To the dullest old cit,
And makes him of politics crack—O!
The lawyers i' the hall
Were not able to bawl
Were it not for a whiff of tobacco.

The man whose chief glory
Is telling a story,
Had never arrived at the swack—O!
Between ever heying,
And as I was saying,
Did he not take a pipe of tobacco.

The doctor who places
Much skill in grimaces,
And feels your pulse running tic-tack—O!
Would you know his chief skill?
It is only to fill
And smoke a good pipe of tobacco.

The courtiers alone
To this weed are not prone;
Would you know what 'tis makes them so slack—O?
'Twas because it inclined
To be honest the mind,
And therefore they banished tobacco.

Henry Fielding

IN DEFENCE OF TOBACCO

(To the most Accomplished and True Philoclea of this yle, l. e. l. l. f.)

SOME do this plant with odious crymes disgrace,
And call the poore *Tabacco* homicid,
They say that it, O what a monstrous cace!
Forestals the life, and kills man in the seed,
It smoaketh, blacketh, burneth all the braine,
It dryes the moisture treasure of the life,
It cureth not, but stupifies the pain,
It cuts our dayes before Atropus knife.
Good Ladie looke not to these rauing speeches,
You know by proof that all these blames are lies,
Forged by scuruie, leud, vnlearned Leiches,
As time has taught, and practice that all tryes.
Tabacco neither altereth health nor hew,
Ten thousand thousands know that it is true.

William Barclay

SONNET ON TOBACCO

SWEETEST enchantment of my solitude,
Companion glowing—Pipe—sublime delight;
To my dull'd soul thou bringest clearest sight,
To my sad heart a calm and happy mood.
Tobacco! rapture of my mind, when I
See like the lightning, vanish in the air
Thy smoke, I find an image striking, rare,
Of my life's feebleness and brevity.
With eloquence thou tellest unto me
What I, alas! alas! must one day be—
I, animated ashes—and I feel
Confused, ashamed, that, running after smoke,
I lose myself, like thee; thou dost evoke
Regrets when most thou dost thy charms reveal.

From the French of Grævius

SMOKE-INHALING BULL

(To the Rev. William Bull)

June 22, 1782

My Dear Friend,

IF reading verse 'be your delight,
'Tis mine as much, or more, to write;
But what we would, so weak is man,
Lies oft remote from what we can.
For instance, at this very time,

I feel a wish, by cheerful rhyme,
To soothe my friend, and, had I pow'r,
To cheat him of an anxious hour;
Not meaning (for, I must confess,
It were but folly to suppress)
His pleasure or his good alone,
But squinting partly at my own.
But though the sun is flaming high
In the centre of yon arch, the sky,
And he had once (and who but he?)
The name of setting genius free;
Yet whether poets of past days
Yielded him undeserved praise,
And he by no uncommon lot
Was famed for virtues he had not;
Or whether, which is like enough,
His Highness may have taken huff;
So seldom sought with invocation,
Since it has been the reigning fashion
To disregard his inspiration,
I seem no brighter in my wits
For all the radiance he emits,
Than if I saw, through midnight vapour,
The glimmering of a farthing taper.
Oh! for a succedaneum, then,
To accelerate a creeping pen!
Oh! for a ready succedaneum,
Quod caput, cerebrum, et cranium
Pondere liberet exoso,
Et morbo jam caliginoso!

'Tis here; this oval box well fill'd
With best Tobacco finely mill'd,
Beats all Anticyra's pretences
To disengage the encumbered senses.
"Oh! nymph of Transatlantic fame,
Where'er thine haunt, whate'er thy name,
Whether reposing on the side
Of Oroonoquo's spacious tide,
Or listening with delight not small
To Niagara's distant fall,
'Tis thine to cherish and to feed
The pungent nose-refreshing weed,
Which, whether pulverized it gain
A speedy passage to the brain,
Or whether, touch'd with fire, it rise
In circling eddies to the skies,
Does thought more quicken and refine
Than all the breath of all the Nine.
Forgive the bard, if bard he be,
Who once too wantonly made free
To touch with a satiric wipe
That symbol of thy power—the pipe;
So may no blight invest thy plains,
And no unseasonable rains;
And so may smiling peace once more
Visit America's shore;
And thou, secure from all alarms
Of thundering guns and glittering arms,
Rove unconfined beneath the shade
Thy wide-expanded leaves have made;

So may thy victories increase,
And fumigation never cease.
May Newton, with renew'd delights,
Perform thy odoriferous rites,
While clouds of incense, half divine
Involve thy disappearing shrine;
And so may smoke-inhaling Bull
Be always filling, never full."

William Cowper

THE UNIVERSAL FLOWER

PLANT of the world! Cosmopolite,
Whose fragrance gives us pure delight
And peace of mind!
When friends desert, and fortune frowns
On peasant head or kingly crowns,
It joy can find.

The universal flow'r, whose leaves expand,
Whose branches spread o'er every land
And every creed,
In thee do all believe, and bless the Giver,
And on the banks of life's dark river
We sow thy seed.

Deist, Christian, Turk, or Jew,
Brahmin, Fakir, and Dervish, too,
All thee adore.

The soldier, sailor, king, or prince,
Thou hast no trouble to convince
Of thy great pow'r.

Whate'er opinions they profess,
Whate'er their tenets, numberless,
Orthodox or heretic,
Thy incense offer to the skies,
Thy glorious fumes from all arise,
For thou art Catholic.

None doubt thee, for thy religion's good,
For centuries thy fame hath stood,
This is the test.
It suits all men ; for, understand,
Each thinks his own peculiar brand
"The very best."

The strongest will their voices raise,
And lift on high their meed of praise
To pungent Cavendish.
The languid swell, who hates exertion,
His off'ring tends to glorious Persian,
Or dreamy Turkish.

So we all smoke, all have our choice,
Yet all, without dissentient voice,
Thy fame proclaim,
And laud thy virtues everywhere,
From land to land, from year to year,
All sing the same.

The glorious weed from sunny lands,
In varied form and beauteous brands,
To England's shore
It wends its way, unconquered still,
Bending the strongest, mightiest will,
And will for evermore.

W. H. W., in Cope's "Tobacco Plant"

"O RARE BEN JONSON!"

TOBACCO, I do assert, without fear of contradiction from the Avon Skylight, is the most soothing, sovereign and precious weed that ever our dear old mother Earth tendered to the use of man! Let him who would contradict that most mild, but sincere and enthusiastic assertion, look to his undertaker. Sir Walter, your health!

Ben Jonson to Raleigh in the Mermaid Tavern

THE PRUDENCE OF SMOKING

Declareth reasons why some men ***OUGHT*** *to smoke and why some ought* ***NOT***

WHAT "TOBACCO" MEANS

I MUST beg leave to dissent from somebody who has written very unfavourably of smoking tobacco as bad for the lungs, etc. If he means to say that the frequent practice of smoking, and such a habit of doing it as that a man cannot be happy without it, is a prejudicial thing, I agree with him. Tobacco smoke is a stimulant, and therefore the frequent and immoderate use of it must tend to weaken the constitution in the same way, though in a much smaller degree, that dram-drinking or anything else that excites the nervous system does.

But against the moderate and occasional use of it there exists no rational objection. It is a valuable article in medicine. I have known much good from its various cases, and have myself been recovered by it, at times, from a languor which neither company nor wine was able to dissipate.

Although, therefore, I shall not decide on the justness of the etymology, I must clearly assent to the truth of the fact asserted by that critic who found its name to be derived from three Hebrew words which, if I recollect aright, were, *Tob*—Bonus, *Ach*—Fumus, *A*—Ejus, "Good is the smoke thereof."

Gentlemen's Magazine
(1788)

PREVENTIVE AGAINST PLAGUE

PEPYS in his well-known journal has the following record against 7th June, 1665: "The hottest day that ever I felt in my life. This day, much against my will, I did in Drury Lane see two or three houses marked with a red cross upon the doors, and "Lord, have mercy upon us!" writ there; which was a sad sight to me, being the first of the kind, to my remembrance, I ever saw. It put me into an ill conception of myself and my smell, so that I was forced to buy some roll tobacco to smell and chew, which took away the apprehension."

Physicians and others who came in contact with the plague smoked freely, and it was popularly reported that no tobacconists or their families were stricken by the fell disease.

THE LONGEVITY OF SMOKERS

THE following instances prove conclusively that inveterate smokers usually attain a ripe old age. Take the case of Hobbes of Chatworth, who smoked twelve pipes a day—he did not "shuffle off

this mortal coil" until he had seen 92 summers. Likewise Izaac Walton, another devoted lover of the weed, lived to the age of 90.

But these youthful smokers have to yield the palm to other renowned veterans like Abraham Favrot, a Swiss, who died in 1769 at the age of 104; or like Jane Garbutt of Wellbury, Yorkshire, who filled her last pipe in 1856 at the age of 110; or like Heinrich Hertz, of Silesia, who continued taking tobacco until he reached the tender age of 142.

These cases show the prudence of taking early, and keeping late, to tobacco—"divine tobacco."

Anonymous

WHICH?

HE who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven. "What softer than a woman?" whispers the young reader. Young reader, woman teases as well as consoles. Woman makes half the sorrows which she boasts the privilege to soothe. Woman consoles us, it is true, while we are young and handsome; when we are old and

ugly, woman snubs and scolds us. On the whole, then, woman in this scale, the weed in that. Jupiter! hang out thy balance, and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to the woman, all I can say is, the next time Juno ruffles thee, O Jupiter! try the weed.

Bulwer-Lytton

TO THE ABUSERS OF TOBACCO

WHY doe you thus abuse this heavenlie plant,
The hope of health, the fewell of our life?
Why doe you waste it without feare of want,
Since fine and true *Tobacco* is not ryfe?
Olde *Euclio* went foull water for to spair,
And stopt the bellowes not to waste the Air.

William Barclay

"UNLESS DIUINE TABACCO MAKE DEFENCE"

(To His Good Cousing, M. John Hay of Ramasse)

HANIBAL had a house in *Bythinie*,
Builded after his craftie owne conceat;
On eurie side a doore was priuilie,
For to preserue his life and staggering state,
But when the Romanes came for to defait
The onelie one of whom they stood in doubt,
Hanibal would not fight against his fate,
Knowing the doores were knowne and siegde about:
Good Cousing *Hay*, the soule is *Hanibal*,
The house with many doores it is the head,
Death and disease as *Romanes* siege them all
To suffocat the life without remead:
Unless diuine *Tabacco* make defence,
Keepe open doores, and raise the siege from thence.

William Barclay

"QUOTH THE RAVEN——"

MAY never lady press his lips, his proffer'd love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth, and keeps his chimney burning;

May each true woman shun his sight for fear his fumes should choke her,
And none but those who smoke themselves have kisses for a smoker.

Anonymous

FRUGALITY

MUCH victuals serves for gluttony,
To fatten men like swine;
But he's a frugal man indeed
That with a leaf can dine,
And needs no napkin for his hands,
His fingers' ends to wipe,
But keeps his kitchen in a box,
And roast meat in a pipe.

Samuel Rowland

SOME BENEFITS

TOBACCO, an outlandish weed,
Doth in the land strange wonders breed;
It taints the breath, the blood it dries;
It burns the head, it blinds the eyes;
It dries the lungs, scourgeth the lights,
It 'numbs the soul, it dulls the sprites;
It brings a man into a maze,
And makes him sit for others' gaze;
It mars a man, it mars a purse.
A lean one fat, a fat one worse;
A white man black, a black man white,
A night a day, a day a night;
It turns the brain like cat in pan,
And makes a Jack a gentleman.

Fairholt

(J. Payne Collier's MS.)

A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO

MAY the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide or scant),

To take leave of thee, *Great Plant!*
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimèd lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill-fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through the height'ning steam
Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowèd features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us ;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first loved a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do ?
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle,
Some few vapours thou mayst raise
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The Old World was sure forlorn
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals,
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant ; only thou
His true Indian conquest art ;
And for ivy round his dart

The reformèd god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume,
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sov'reign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foison,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——
Nay, rather,
Plant divine, of rarest virtue;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you.
'Twas but in a sort I blamed thee;
None e'er prospered who defamed thee;

Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplex'd lovers use
At a need when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,

Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of dislike:
And, instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice, and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop, Wench, and Blackamore,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more,
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, *Tobacco*, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as she who once hath been
A king's consort is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,
Though a widow or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain ;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys,
Where, though I by sour physician
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife,
And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces,
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

Charles Lamb

SMOKING OPPOSED BY ROYALTY

KING JAMES I wrote a treatise entitled a "Counterblast to Tobacco." He hated tobacco-smokers, but did not check the increase of the fashionable indulgence.

Knight's "England"

SMOKING ENCOURAGED BY ROYALTY

"GENTLEMEN, you may smoke."

Edward VII

SOME PROVERBS

In which a lover of "Twist" hath ravelled certain familiar proverbs.

"Who is this that darkeneth counsel with smoke?"

I smell a—pipe.

Smoke and be fat.

Keep what tobacco the gods provide you.

Living from pouch to pipe.

Love and a Pipe cannot be hid.

The last infirmity of noble minds.

Every packet has a silver lining.

Good tobacco is above pearls.

Two pipes are better than two wives.

MANY go out for Mixture, and come home mixed themselves.

HE who would smoke cigarettes is like the dog who preferred shadow to substance.

Where there's smoke there's tobacco.

You cannot know tobacco by the pipe.

A CIGARETTE is a fleeting joy, but a good pipe is a joy for ever.

HE who smokes and faints away,
Lives to smoke another day.

A PULL in the pipe is worth two in the pouch.

YOU cannot put the same tobacco in every pipe.

IF man's tobacco you dispraise,
He swears a stabbe shall end your daies.
Samuel Rowlands

TOBACCO and tobacco-reek,
When I am weel, they mak me sick:
Tobacco and tobacco-reek,
They make me weel when I am sick.

Unquiet smokes make ill digestions.

You must offer a pinch to catch a pipe.

Tobacco is the staff of life.

YOU must not think, sir, to catch old birds with cigarettes.

THREE can hold their peace if two be smoking.

TO blow and swallow at the same moment isn't easy to be done.

Plautus

WHEN a dog is smoking every one offers him a cigar.

THREE things are men most likely to be cheated in—a horse, a wife, and a cigar.

Tobacco is the soul of wit.

Go West, young man! go West.
John L. B. Soule

Matches are made in—Sweden.

There's small choice in rotten—tobacco.

The smith and his pipe are both black.

The smoker knows where the pipe burns.

DOUBTLESS the pleasure is as great of being smoked to as to smoke.

PROVIDENCE never sendeth mouth but it sendeth pipe.

GOOD cigars in a journey make the way seem the shorter.

He that goes to bed smoking rises healthy.

Home is where pipe is.

His cigar is worse than his pipe.

I'll be with you in the filling of a pipe.

Handsome is that handsome smokes.

HALF the world knows not what the other half smokes.

HE must have a long pipe that smokes with the devil.

HE must needs smoke that the devil driveth.

THE NEWEST FOOD

THE Spaniards have a proverb to the following effect:

A cigarette, a glass of fresh water, and the kiss of a pretty girl will sustain a man for a day without eating.

Hanging and smoking go by destiny.

The tobacco's in the fire!

All this for a pipe!

A good pipe draws more than oxen.

Can one desire too much of a good pipe?

Fill and smoke again.

A cigar is a cigar for a' that.

None but smokers deserve the air.

The pipe's the measure of the man.

HE can give little to his servant that smokes his butts.

HE that smokes not when he may, when he would shall puff at hay.

There's no pipe like an old pipe.

Two cigars are better than one.

It's a long pipe that has no burning.

Smoke deferred maketh the lips lick.

A chip of the old block—a sailor's pipe-full.

BETTER to have smoked and coughed, than never to have smoked at all.

THE man who marries a widow ofttimes must give up his weeds.

BEGGARS should never be choosers, though the beggar often chews what he begs.

THE woman who cannot stand tobacco makes an ill wife. May she not be given the chance!

Many pipes make light work.

There's many a slip 'twixt pipe and lip.

We are such stuff as dreams are made on.

A SMOKE! A smoke! My kingdom for a smoke!

(*After Shakespeare*)

HE who does not smoke is no match for the smoker.

AND truant husband shall return and say, "My dear, I was the first who came away."

IT is a singular fact that Tobacco came as a solace to the Western world just when woman began to assert her so-called rights.

IF our position in the next world depends upon the joys we have bestowed in this, the sellers of tobacco will have all the best places.

It's never too late to smoke.

Too many pipes make the air thick.

A pipe a day keeps the microbes away.

First light your pipe, THEN smoke it.

Smoke away while the sun shines.

It's an ill weed that no body can smoke.

He is a poor moke who can't smoke.

Some cigars are for self—some for others.

COFFEE without tobacco is like meat without salt.

Persian Proverb

SOME pipes are for use and some for—ornament.

A black pipe is a biting beast.

"Am I not—a smoker and a brother?"

A smoker is known by his tobacco.

TOBACCO is one man's blessing and another man's bane.

A BEGGARLY outlook—a pipe and no tobacco.

A BIGGISH pipe well filled, and a little wife well willed, are great riches.

THERE is no composing draught like the draught through the tube of a pipe

Captain Marryat

WHAT a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of tobacco.

Henry Fielding

FOR thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die.

Charles Lamb

ODD EPIGRAMS FOR TOBACCO JARS

"Man's life is but a vapour!"

I AM, and am not,
A family jar.

FILL the bowl, you jolly soul,
And burn all sorrow to a coal.

A WEED you call me, but you'll own
No rose was e'er more fully blown.

BEHOLD! This vessel hath a moral got:
Tobacco smokers all must go to pot.

BELIEVE me or not—I most truly contain
A soother of woe and an easer of pain!

GREAT Jove Pandora's box with jars did fill—
This jar alone has power those jars to still.

YOUR pipe's your friend!
A greater friend am I;
For in itself that friend will lack
What I supply.

A JAR, behold me! taste my store,
Take all you want, but take no more.
I'm "Solitaire" and Social's pal,
I'm Baccyful, not Bacchinal;
I'm Friendship's bond, I'm Freedom's type,
I'm Welcome's emblem—take a pipe!
Still, should you choose my worth evoke,
You'll own my faults all end in smoke.

ALTHOUGH no artist, I can draw
My pipe to ease my care;
No architect, yet oft I build
Grand "castles in the air";
No author, yet I can compose
My nerves, if aught should mar
My happiness, by virtue of
The plant within this jar.

THERE are jars of jelly, jars of jam,
Jars of potted beef and ham;
But welcome most to me by far
Is my dear old tobacco jar.
There are pipes producing sounds divine,
Pipes containing luscious wine;
But when I consolation need,
I take the pipe that burns the weed.

ALL ye who feel oppress'd amidst the strife,
The ceaseless wear and strain of busy life;
All ye whose spirits sink beneath the weight
Of dire misfortune, or of adverse fate,
Search well within the jar, and you will find
The certain solace for a troubled mind.
Use with discretion what is offer'd there,
Inhale its fragrance, and forget its care.

Cope's "Tobacco Plant"

LIST OF AUTHORS QUOTED

PAGE

ANONYMOUS 24, 30, 32, 44, 50, 83, 85, 105, 111, 115, 127, 140, 176, 180
Arabe, Conte 88

BARCLAY, WILLIAM . 158, 159, 165, 178, 179
Barrie, J. M. 67
Bauernfeld 138
Blanchard, E. L. 160
Brinton, Wilfred 132
Browne, Isaac Hawkins . . . 36, 155
Bulwer-Lytton 113, 177
Byron, Lord 136

CARLYLE, THOMAS. 84, 91
Cats, Jacob 56
Cigar and Tobacco World . . . 26
Cope's "Tobacco Plant" 31, 57, 58, 60, 169, 203
Cowper, William . . . 113, 142, 166
Cyclopedia of Biography 89

DICKENS, CHARLES 145

EDWARD VII 187
Erskine, Ralph 107

FABENS, JOSEPH WARREN 139
Fairholt 181
Fielding, Henry 163, 200
Fun 25

GARTH, DR. 160
Gentlemen's Magazine . . 46, 105, 175

PAGE

German Folk Song 137
Grævius 57, 166
Gundry, Arthur W. 47

Holiday 44
Holmes, O. W. 147
Hood, Thomas 133
Homer, Late 32
Hots, Eyessick 22
Hunt, Leigh 117
Huxley, Professor 94

Jerrold, Douglas 71, 77
Jonson, Ben 50, 139, 147, 171
Judy 29

Kingsley, Charles 85
Knight, Charles 187

Lamb, Charles 87, 181, 200
Lattaignant, The Abbé de 53
Leigh, Henry S. 61, 141
Lowell, James Russell 32, 35

Marryat, Captain 112, 200
Milton and his Poetry 92

Pepys 176
Persian Proverb 199
Plautus 193
Punch 21

PAGE

ROWLANDS, SAMUEL . . 145, 159, 180, 192

SAM SLICK 110
Sandeau, Jules 129
Shakespeare (After) 198
Sieur de Saint-Amant, Le . . . 108, 109
Smith, Horace 143
Soule, John L. B. 194
Southey, Robert 156, 161
The *St. James' Gazette* 115
"Sub Rosa" 99

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE . 93, 146

WEBSTER, DANIEL 151
Wilcox, Ella Wheeler 51
Wither, George 107

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D LD-URL MAR 01 1989

JAN 1 0 2001

ILL /TMJ

UCLA YRL/ILL

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
B 000 006 129 1

Universit
Southe
Libra